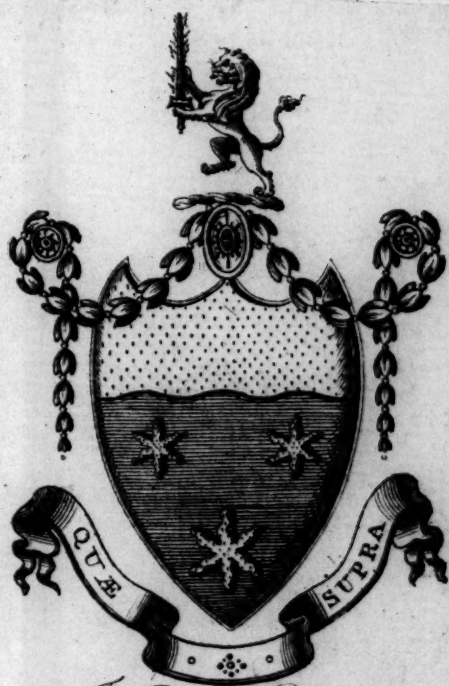
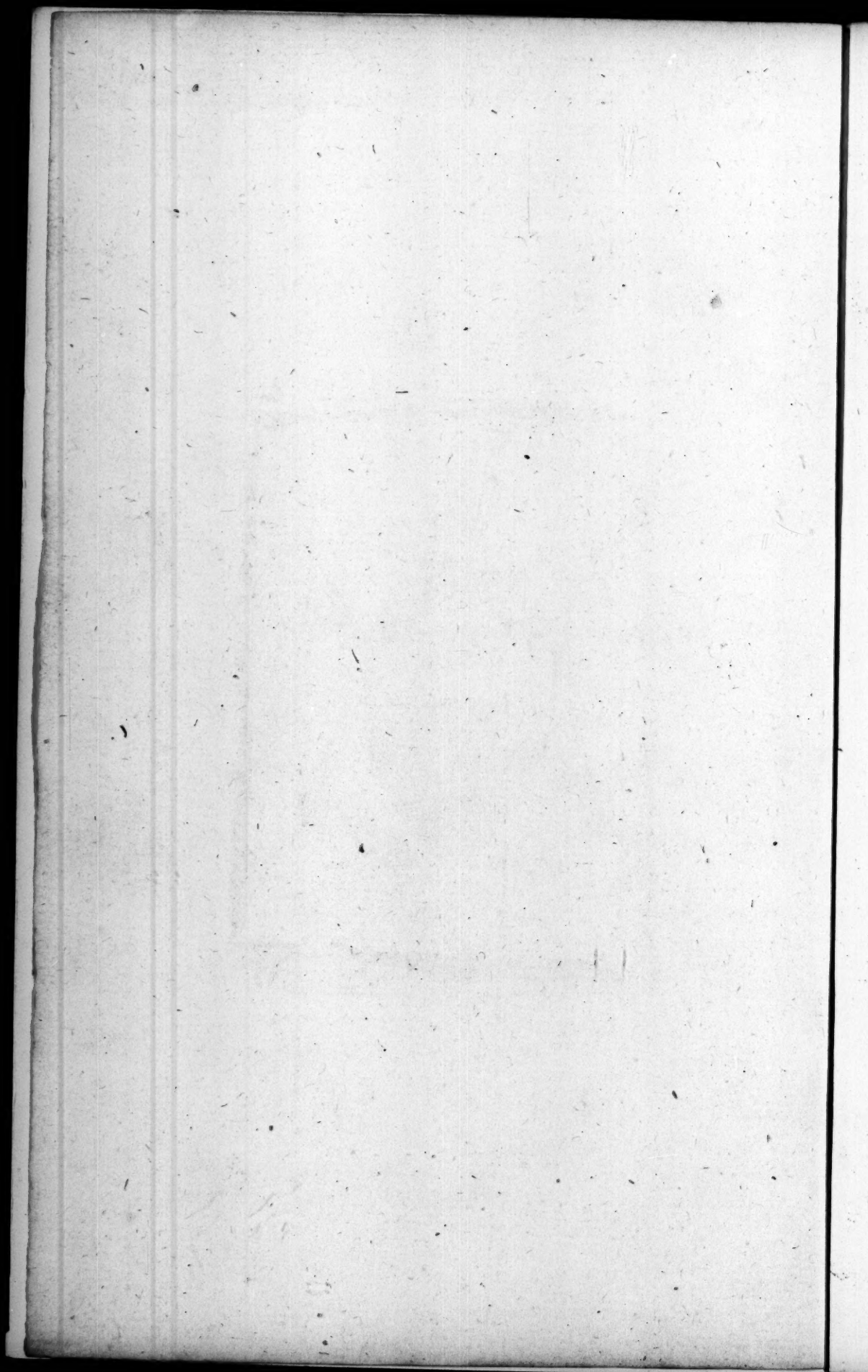




J. B. Roberts



12269. dd. 7.



BRITISH
MUSEUM
18 JU 1902



STELLA.
*From an Original Drawing by the Rev^d George
Parnel, Archdeacon of Clogher; in the Possession
of G. Faulkner.*

J. B. Roberts
THE
WORKS
Of the REVEREND
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN of *St. Patrick's*, DUBLIN.
CONTAINING,
LETTERS
TO AND FROM SEVERAL PERSONS,
From the Year 1700 to 1742.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

COLLECTED AND REVISED

BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ;
OF GOODRICH IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

And Illustrated with Historical and Explanatory Notes, by the PUBLISHER.

VOLUME XVII.



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER,
M DCC LXXII.

W O R K S

OF THE REVENUE

THINGS HAD TO BE

8 F. T. R.

2-03-74 11:00 AM

10

BRITISH MUSE



10

10

1998

1

BU BUREAU

Printed by GEORGE F. FASLER
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1

100

MOMUS MISTAKEN,

A

F A B L E,

Occasioned by the new Edition of SWIFT'S
Works, in 1734.

By the late Mr. JAMES ARBUCKLE*.

ONE day, as is his wont, the Dean
Was saunt'ring through a dirty lane,
And snugly laughing in his sleeve
At what would graver mortals grieve,
The crowds of fools, both low, and high,
Passing, in idle hurry, by,

* This Poem is allowed to be a close imitation of Dr. Swift's manner of writing; the author was acquainted with the Dean many years, and was called by him *Wit upon Crutches*, alluding to his having used them since a boy; he was author of *Hibernicus's Letters*, in 2 vols. and several poetical pieces, the most admired of which are a panegyrick on Dr. Swift, in answer to a libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great lord; *Sruff*, a poem, and an epistle to the earl of Haddington, on the death of Mr. Addison: he died in Dublin in the year 1743.

VOL. XVII.

A 2

MERC'RY

MERC'RY, 'tis said to aid his laughter,
 Follow'd some little distance after,
 Not in the shape he wears above,
 Or brings down messages from Jove,
 But in a form, true politicks,
 Will own much fitter for those tricks
 Of theft, the god did whilome use;
 A black-guard crier of the news.

What conversation pass'd between
 This merry pair in such a scene,
 What waggish jokes and fly remarks
 Between the damsels and their sparks,
 The muse at present hath forgot;
 Nor is't essential to her plot;
 But sure, 'twould form of mirth a tale
 Might POPE, and all his friends regale.
 Not he, nor they would blush to sit,
 And shake at such strange turns of wit.

Scarce had they half a street trudg'd thro',
 Ere *Momus* met them in full view;
 A fellow said to be a god,
 But of a temper somewhat odd,
 Addicted much to jeers, and gybes;
 Eternal foe to tender kybes;
 And, with but slender skill in letters,
 Was always carping at his betters.

But

But gods themselves, whatever wonders
 We mortals think them, can make blunders.
 To put which doctrine past all doubt,
Momus himself shall make it out.
 For tho' he critically ey'd
 Our Drapier's human shape and hide;
 Yet, 'tis prodigious to relate
 What a strange maggot seiz'd his pate,
 " An old acquaintance this," he cries,
 " Faith, 'tis APOLLO in disguise,
 " What need of further proof? depend on't,
 " It is the rascal, by's attendant."
 Then instantly resolv'd to roast him,
 Thus, with a sneer, he did accost him.
 " Your godship's servant! So, I find
 " You've got some DAPHNE in the wind.
 " Why else in such a scurvy place;
 " Disguis'd too in that garb of grace;
 " And with your scoundrel pimp equipp'd,
 " So well deserving to be whipp'd,
 " What! will a god of wit and learning
 " For ever thus be deaf to warning?
 " Can no misfortunes in amours
 " Suffice to put an end to yours?
 " Perhaps you think, you're woman-proof,
 " And always will come safely off;
 " Or hope to be no worse affronted,
 " Than when you after DAPHNE hunted,

" Where fortune, to prevent a quarrel,
" Your misadventure crown'd with laurel,
" But let me tell you as a friend,
" (Indeed 'tis seldom known to mend)
" This lower world is strangely chang'd,
" Since with *ADMETUS*' sheep you rang'd,
" For should you now a nymph pursue,
" Instead of turning into yew,
" Or birch, or bays, 'tis, by my soul, as
" Likely, she might become a bolus.
" Then think, how would the Gods endure
" To see you spawl their azure floor?
" And must you not at once sustain
" The bitterest pangs of rage and pain,
" When ev'ry giggling girl above
" Shall smirk, and tip the wink on Jove,
" To smoke your honour sadly chewing,
" The filthy rags of caterwawling?"

The Dean look'd gruff, and pass'd him by;
Leaving his lacquey to reply.

" For once, friend *MOMUS*, fairly bit;
" No longer now pretend to wit.
" He, whom you see, and make your jest,
" No god is, but a mortal priest.
" And ev'n a priest of such a make
" As scarce excuses the mistake;
" The god you fancy'd him to be,
" 'Tis true hath not more wit than he;

" But

" But herein such a difference lies,
" Your god was once kick'd from the skies ;
" And by the righteous laws of fate
" Was doom'd to fall from god's estate.
" But he, whom proud I call my master,
" Is subject to no such disaster
" These volumes in my hand behold !
" (In FAULKNER's shop they're to be sold.)
" These shall to future ages tell,
" The Drapier never sunk, or fell.

CONTENTS

T O

VOLUME the XVIIth.

Letter	Page
I. D R. Swift to Mrs. Johnson. Of occurrences in his voyage to Parkgate, and mentions his intentions of returning to Dublin, when he had executed his commission to the queen, relative to the First-fruits and Twentieth-parts, &c. <i>Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.</i>	3
II. Dr. Swift to the same. Of his arrival in London, and reception by the whigs, who he imagines will be put out of office, and proposes keeping a correspondence by way of journal. <i>London, Sept. 9, 1710.</i>	5
III. Dr. Swift to the same. Is a friend to Manley (post-master general of Ireland). Has wrote a letter to the Tatler about "Corruptions of Style and Writing, &c. Jervas has finished the dean's picture. Lord Radnor and the dean exclaim against the whigs. Earl of Anglesey and bishop of Durham dead. Visc. Wilton assists in the affairs of First-fruits. Steele will lose his place of Gazetteer. Of lord president Somers, the duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Boyle being turned out by the court,	

Letter	Page
court, &c. &c. and proposes to be an indifferent spectator at court, &c. &c. <i>London, Sept. 9, to 21, 1710.</i>	9
IV. Dr. Swift to the same. On account of many changes in the ministry, advised to drop his solicitation about First-fruits for some time. Is esteemed by the duke of Ormond and his friends. Hath wrote "the virtues of Sid Hamet; the Magician's "Rod," and a "Tatler." Commends Stella's writing, &c. <i>Sept. 21 to 29, 1710.</i>	19
V. Dr. Swift to the same. Represented to Mr. Harley as a discontented person. Told by the Tories he might make his fortune. Tatler wrote by him is much liked, and is writing another. Darteneuf a great punster. Comparison of the environs of London and Dublin. The dean's reason for refusing to toast " <i>Resurrection of the Whigs.</i> " Of Mr. Dyot's counterfeiting stamped paper to the amount of 100,000 <i>l.</i> Dr. Swift mentions his own business to Mr. Harley, who promises to speak of it to the queen, and adds, that if he succeeds, it will be serviceable to the church. Ministry in fear of Swift. His method when met by electing parties. Remarks on Mr. Harley's levee, &c. &c. <i>Sept. 30, 1710.</i>	29
VI. Dr. Swift to the same. Mr. Harley has shewn the dean's memorial to the queen, who has consented to give First-fruits. Hopes to get something of greater value. "Description of a shower in London," and other of his writings approved of, some of which are printing by Tooke. Account of Capt. Lavallin. Commends Harrison for his wit. Remarks on the humours of some rich fellows. Whigs have lost the election. More Tories in the next parliament. Copy of a letter from Sir M. Dudley. Memoirs of colonel Edgworth and Talbot Edgworth, and other subjects. <i>Oct. 10, 1710.</i>	44
VII. Dr. Swift to the same. Hath wrote a ballad on the Westminster election. The queen will acquaint the Irish bishops in form, about her granting the First-fruits, and that it was done by the personal	credit

Letter		Page
	credit of the dean with Mr. Harley. Account of Dr. Tisdall, and of Mr. Congreve. On the ingratitude of Mr. Steele, and of his writing the <i>Tatler</i> . Some account of dean Bolton. Digression on friendship, and on order and regularity, &c. &c. <i>London, Oct. 19, 1710.</i>	60
VIII.	Dr. Swift to the same. Complains of his giddiness. Has leave to inform the primate and archbishop of Dublin, of the queen's having granted the First-fruits. Tories attend on the queen. On D'Avenant and his writings. On the stocks falling. Swift hath written several things which the publick does not attribute to him. Censures the whigs for their ingratitude. Expects some promotion from the duke of Ormond. <i>London, Oct. 31, 1710.</i>	75
IX.	Dr. Swift to the same. The secretary commends his writings before Prior, and on Sir William Temple. More esteemed in England than in Ireland. Remark on the duke of Ormond's affection. Bishops of Ireland write to Southwell, and address the duke of Ormond to intercede with the queen about First-fruits, and to get the papers from Swift, who they suppose to be favoured by the other party. The dean remarks on, and resents their proceedings, &c. &c. <i>London, Nov. 11, 1710.</i>	90
X.	Dr. Swift to the same. Bromley chosen speaker. More of the business of First-fruits. The dean considered more by the new ministry (who want his assistance) than by the Irish bishops. Willing to contribute to the true interest of the public; and is writing a poem on the <i>Morning</i> , and an answer to Steele's <i>Tatler</i> . Remarks on his birthday; on Henley; on the aldermen of Dublin; and on a pamphlet wrote against lord Wharton. <i>Nov. 25, 1710.</i>	105
XI.	Dr. Swift to the same. On Sir M. Dudley. Went to view the curiosities in London. Present ministers do not approve of the dean's writing the <i>Tatlers</i> . More on the First-Fruits. On the dean's not preaching before the queen. A long remark respecting	

Letter		Page
	respecting the equestrian statue of King William III. On Mr. Addison, Mr. Steele and Dr. Raymond. &c. &c. &c. <i>Dec. 9, 1710.</i>	121
XII.	Dr. Swift to the same. On Christmas day and the holidays. <i>Pun</i> on the word <i>agoes, charity, &c.</i> Of Sir Andrew Fountain, John Barber, lord Herbert, Atterbury and Smallridge. Character of the duke of Marlborough, and his telling the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious, &c. More on the First-Fruits and the Tatler, and many other subjects. <i>Dec. 23, 1710.</i>	143
XIII.	Dr. Swift to the same. Character of Sir Andrew Fountain's brother, and more on the duke of Marlborough, and Dr. Atterbury, with some account of <i>Trap</i> . Whigs compared to Quakers in their manner of dealing. Ministry regards the dean, who assists Harrison in writing the 5th vol. of the <i>Tatlers</i> . Verses on Mr. St. John's retirement, and of the bishop of Clogher, &c. &c. <i>Jan. 4, 1710-11.</i>	165
XIV.	Dr. Swift to the same. In great favour with the ministry, yet takes little pleasure. Remark on Dryden Leach, printer of the postboy. Bernage and lord Somers. Never sees the whigs, &c. interspersed with a great deal of humour, &c. <i>Jan. 16, 1711.</i>	180
XV.	Dr. Swift to the same. Of his giddiness. On a tax of a halfpenny being to be laid on every half sheet of printed paper. Anecdote of Bateman, a bookseller. On Mr. Harley, and his not presenting the dean to the queen. Stella's and his handwriting much alike. None suppose him to be author of the <i>Examiner</i> . Recommends Bernage to the duke of Argyle, and a short account of the duke, with more on First-fruits, &c. &c. <i>Jan. 31, 1711.</i>	195
XVI.	Dr. Swift to the same. More respecting Bernage, and on Col. Fielding. Of Mr. Harley, and what the dean told him, on being called Jonathan. On Congreve's writing a <i>Tatler</i> , and anecdote of Dr. Duke, and the earl of Berkley. Remarks on the October Club, and on the queen's being jealous of	some

Letter		Page
	some of the ministry. Earl Rivers cursed the Examiner, &c. <i>Feb. 10, 1711.</i>	210
XVII.	Dr. Swift to the same. More on Bernage and Col Fielding. On the Dr's Miscellanies being published. England compared to a tempest; must have a peace. On the queen's not being governed by her ministry, and a short character of the lord chancellor. Specimen of the dean's peculiar spelling. Concludes with a circumstantial account of Mr. Harley's being stabbed by the marquis de Guiscard, as he was examining by the lords and Mr. Harley on a charge of high treason. <i>Feb. 24, 1711.</i>	224
XVIII.	Dr. Swift to the same. A further detail of particulars respecting Mr. Harley and of his wound. On whose account the parliament was obliged to be prorogued. On Guiscard's dying (before he could be tried) of the wounds he received when taken, &c. The Dean remarks he never had the small pox, &c. &c. <i>London, March 10, 1711.</i>	241
XIX.	Dr. Swift to the same. On Steele's writing the spectator. On Dr. Radcliffe. More in relation to Mr. Harley, and the manner of his being wounded, and on the parliament. On Guiscard's being shewn to the public, and his burial. Of Prior's verses on Harley and Biddy Floyd; and of Sir M. Dudley's being a Whig, &c. Character of Sir Thomas Mansel. In what manner the dean expects the ministry should behave to him, and remarks on Sir William Temple's behaviour. No further provision made for him yet. Mentions the ill usage he received from the late ministry, and on his friends he has in the present; plans his future conduct, &c. And humorous remarks on other subjects, &c. <i>March 24, 1711.</i>	252
XX.	Dr. Swift to the same. Is strenuously soliciting against a duty being laid on Irish yarn. Remarks on the tories, the October club, &c. Continuation of Mr. Harley's affair, on his being to be made lord treasurer, and of the archbishop of Dublin's indiscretion in writing on him, which the dean will not permit to be published. On the death of	

Letter	Page
the Dauphin and alderman Duncomb. Of Dillon Ashe, Dr. Ratcliff, and Sir Andrew Fountain, and remark on general recommendation, &c. <i>April 5, 1711.</i>	269
XXI. Dr. Swift to the same.—More on Mr. Harley and his being lord treasurer, the Dean's remarks on that event.—On Mrs. Manley, &c.—More on the Irish yarn and First-Fruits.—Harrison made secretary at the Hague.—Late ministry was cunning, &c. and of the Duke of Ormond and Countess of Bellamont.—Imagines secretary St. John will lose his office.—More of the archbishop of Dublin, and verses on Mr. Prior, and on drinking, &c. <i>April 14, 1711.</i>	280
XXII. Dr. Swift to the same. More on Mr. St. John, Mr. Harley being to be made a lord, on the archbishop of Dublin, and on Guiscard. Of the election at Westminster school. Commends lady Kerry for her sense. On a drunken parson's fighting. Bohea tea very detrimental to the head. Of a duel between Sir C. Dering and Mr. Thornhill, &c. &c. <i>Chelsea, April 28, 1711.</i>	296
XXIII. Dr. Swift to the same. Various reports on Mr. Harley's being lord Oxford. On Dick Tighe, of several publications; the Examiner, and of Curl. Of the Irish ladies. Of Mrs. Edgworth's marrying, and of Mrs. Colledge. Observes many people will lend money to those who are not squanders. Hopes to go to Ireland somewhat richer on account of MD. Remarks nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever falls again. <i>Chelsea, May 12, 1711.</i>	310
XXIV. Dr. Swift to the same. Mr. Harley made lord treasurer. His answer when called by the dean my lord. Whom he proposed to be his chaplain. On compliments, &c. More on the archbishop of Dublin. Expect great changes in the ministry, and of Sir Andrew Cairnes. On the duke of Ormond's being to be Lord Lieutenant, who is ordered to mention about the First Fruits in his speech to parliament, &c. &c. <i>Chelsea, May 24, 1711.</i>	326
XXVI. Dr.	

Letter		Page
XXV.	Dr. Swift to the same. He and eleven more have formed themselves into a society. Congreve a worthy man. Proposed to lord treasurer and the dean of Carlisle to have a society for correcting our language. On the Examiners. Of the Earl of Peterborow, Prior, Sterne and Steele. Gains many enemies and but few friends. Is much envied. Pays little regard to the protestations of the ministry. <i>Chelsea, June 9, 1711.</i>	344
XXVI.	Dr. Swift to the same. Whig poets are his solicitors. Of Dr. Coghill's opinion that a husband has a power to give his wife moderate correction, &c. The Dean commends the Waters and Ale at Wexford. Of the Negotiations of the Earl of Peterborow, and of the crisis of national affairs, &c. More of lord Harley, Cairnes and Congreve. On Dillon Ashe, and John Philips. Sir H. Bellasis and his avarice. Of Judge Powell, Bishop Mills and Tisdall, and many remarks on various subjects, <i>June 30, to July 19, 1711:</i>	357

LETTERS

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to STELLA.

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON*.

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

JOE † will give you an account of me
till I got into the boat, after which the
VOL. XVII. B rogues

* These letters to *Stella*, or Mrs. *Johnson*, were all written in a series from the time of Dr. *Swift's* landing at *Chester*, in *September 1710*, until his return to *Ireland* upon the demise of the queen; barring the interruption of about six weeks, or two months, in the year 1713, when he was obliged to go over to *Ireland*, upon being made *Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin*. The letters were all very carefully preserved by *Stella*; and at her death, if not before, taken up by Dr. *Swift*; for what end we know not, unless it were to compare the current news of the times with that *History of the Queen* which he writ at *Windſor* in the year 1713: they were sometimes addressed to Mrs. *Johnson*, and sometimes to Mrs. *Dingley*, who was a relation of the *Temple* family, and friend to Mrs. *Johnson*. Both these ladies went over to *Ireland* upon *Swift's* invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together.

† Mr. *Joseph Beaumont*, merchant, of *Trim*, whose name frequently occurs in these papers. He was a

vene-

rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on *Monday*: the first man I met in *Chester* was Dr. *Raymond* *. He and Mrs. *Raymond* were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from *Parkgate*, but no hurt; the horse understands falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the bishop of *Clogher* †. I saw him returning from *Dunleary* ‡; but he saw not me.

venerable, handsome, grey-headed man, of quick and various natural abilities, but not improved by learning: his *fort* was Mathematicks, which he applied to some useful purposes in the linen trade, but chiefly to the investigation of the Longitude; which was supposed to have occasioned a lunacy, with which he was seized in *Dublin* about the year 1718; from whence he was brought home to *Trim*, and recovered his understanding. But some years after, having relapsed into his former malady, he cut his throat in a fit of distraction.

* Vicar of *Trim*, and formerly one of the fellows of the university of *Dublin*.

† Dr. *St. George Ashe*, who in the reign of *George I.* was made bishop of *Derry*.

‡ This must have been while *Swift* was sailing in the *Bay of Dublin*, and the bishop riding upon the *North-Strand*.

me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to *Trim*, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of *Clogher* remind the bishop of *Killala* to send me a letter, with one inclosed to the bishop of *Litchfield* *. Let all who write to me, inclose to *Richard Steele*, Esq; at his office at the *Cockpit* near *Whitehall*. My lord *Mountjoy* is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. † *Wesley*, and will tell her, that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her inclosed and sealed. God Almighty blefs you; and, for God's sake, be merry and get your health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission ‡, whether it succeeds or no. I never went to *England* with so little desire in my life. If Mrs.

B 2

Curry

* Dr. *John Hough*.

† Lady of *Garret Wesley* of *Dangan*, Esq.

‡ This commission was to solicit the Queen to remit the first-fruits and twentieth parts, payable to the crown by the clergy of *Ireland*.

(4)

Curry makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them. The post is just come from *London*, and just going out, so I have only time to pray God to bless you, &c.

L E T

LETTER II.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

I GOT here last *Thursday*, after five days travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The *Whigs* are ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c. But my lord-treasurer * received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady *Giffard* † is much at Court, and lady *Wharton* ‡ was ridiculing it t'other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see *Stella's* mother § some other way. I writ to the bishop of *Clogher* from *Chester*; and I now

B 3

write

* The earl of *Godolphin*.

† Lady *Giffard* was sister to sir *William Temple*.

‡ Wife of the earl of *Wharton*.

§ She was at that time in lady *Giffard's* family.

write to the archbishop of *Dublin* *. Every thing is turning upside down; every *Whig* in great office, will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as hath not been seen in *England*. Every body asks me, how I came to be so long in *Ireland*, as naturally as if here were my *Being*; but no soul offers to make it so; and I protest I shall return to *Dublin*, and the *Canal* at *Laracor* †, with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life. The *Tatler* ‡ expects every day to be turned out of his employments; and the duke of *Ormond*, they say, will be lieutenant of *Ireland*. I hope you are now peaceably in *Presto's* § lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by *Christmas*; in which time I shall either do my business,

* *Dr. King.*

† The *Dr.'s* benefice in the diocese of *Meath*.

‡ *Richard Steele*, Esq.

§ In these letters *pdfr*, stands for *Dr. Swift*, *Ppt*, for *Stella*; *D*, for *Dingley*, *D. D*, generally for *Dingley*, but sometimes for both *Stella* and *Dingley*; and *MD* generally stands for both these ladies; yet sometimes only for *Stella*. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more adviseable to use the word *Presto* for *Swift*, which is borrowed from the duchess of *Shrewsbury*, who, not recollecting the *Dr.'s* name, called him *Dr. Presto* (which is *Italian* for *Swift*) vid. let. xxvii. Aug. 2, 1710, printed for *Dodsley* and others; instead of *Ppt*, *Stella* is used for *Mrs. Johnson*, and so for *D*, *Dingley*; but as *MD* stands for both *Dingley* and *Stella*, it was thought more convenient to let it remain a cypher in its original state.

business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at *Trim* by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little *Johnson*, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually, on the post-night, and have already written to the archbishop; and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to *MD*, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full, I will send it whether *MD* writes or no; and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with *MD*, and *MD* with *Presto*. Pray make *Parvisol** pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am grown fatter, and look better; and, on *Monday*, *Fervas* is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw *Jack Temple* and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family†. Tell the provost‡ I have obeyed his commands to the duke of *Ormond*; or let it alone, if you please. I saw *Jemmy Leigh*§ just now at the *Coffee-house*,
 B 4

* The Dr's agent at *Laracor*.

† It never has yet appeared to the publick what gave rise to this great coolness between the *Temple* family and Dr. *Swift*.

‡ Dr. *Pratt*, afterwards dean of *Downe*.

§ A gentleman of fortune in the county of *Westmeath*, in *Ireland*, whose name often occurs in these letters. He was well acquainted with *Stella*, and seems to have had a great esteem for her merit and accomplishments.

house, who asked after you with great kindness: he talks of going in a fortnight to *Ireland*. My service to the dean *, and Mrs. *Walls* and her archdeacon. *Will Frankland's* wife is near bringing to-bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my *Chester* letter the *Tuesday* after I writ. I presented Dr. *Raymond* to lord *Wharton* † at *Chester*. Pray let me know when *Joe* gets his money ‡. It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. *MD* shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in *London*; and so farewell, &c.

* Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, *Dublin*.

† Lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

‡ This money was a premium the government had promised him for his mathematical *Sleaving Tables*, calculated for the improvement of the linen manufactory, which were afterwards printed, and are still highly regarded.

L E T.

L E T T E R I I I .

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

AFTER seeing the duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn, passing some part of the afternoon with sir *Matthew Dudley* and *Will Frankland*, the rest at *St. James's Coffee-house*, I came home and writ to the archbishop of *Dublin* and *MD*, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged *Will Frankland* to stand * *Manley's* friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for *Manley's* place; that he was accused of opening letters; that sir *Thomas Frankland* would sacrifice every thing to save himself; and in that I fear *Manley* is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord *Mountjoy* at *Kensington*; saw my mistress, *Ophy Butler's* wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with *Addison* and *Steele*: *Steele* will certainly lose his *Gazetteer's* place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the *Coffee-house*, hoping to find lord *Radnor*, whom I had not seen. He was there; and
for

* *Manley* was post-master-general of *Ireland*.

for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the *Whigs*, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid *MD* dined at home, because it is *Sunday*; and there was the little half-pint of wine: for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. *Ben Tooke* * was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to *Fervas* to finish my picture, and 'tis shaving day, so good morrow *MD*; but don't keep me now, for I can't stay; and pray dine with the dean, but don't lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—
Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to *Fervas*, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely; but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a † copy of it and bring it over. Mr. *Addison* and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. *Patrick* observes that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politicks, than in *Ireland*.

* The doctor's bookseller.

† There was a very fine copper-plate taken from this picture.

Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the *Parliament* to be dissolved. Lord *Wharton* expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from *Joe* last *Saturday*, telling me Mr. *Pratt** refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr. *Addison*, and will to lord *Wharton*, but I fear with no success. However I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. *Ford* to the duke of *Ormond*; and paid my first visit to lord-president †, with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began to talk of lord *Wharton* in relation to me, till he urged it; then I said, he knew I never expected any thing from lord *Wharton*, and that lord *Wharton* knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to lord *Wharton* about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the *First-fruits*, till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord-president told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest upon my
life,

* Vice-treasurer of *Ireland*.

† Lord *Somers*.

life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. *Stratford* the *Hamburg* merchant, my old school-fellow; but calling at *Bull's* on *Ludgate-bill*, he forced me to his house at *Hampstead* to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. *Hoadly* *, the whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to *Sacheverell*: but to-morrow I design again to see *Stratford*. I was glad, however, to be at *Hampstead*, where I saw lady *Lucy* and *Moll Stanbope*. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. *Long*; she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day I saw *Patty Rolt*, who heard I was in town; and I dined with *Stratford* at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first *Tockay* wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree I expected. *Stratford* is worth a plumb, and is now lending the *Government* forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university. We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and fir *Simon Harcourt*

* D. Benjamin *Hoady*, afterwards bishop of *Winchester*.

Harcourt to succeed him: I am come early home, not caring for the coffee-house.

15. To-day Mr. *Addison*, colonel *Freind* and I went to see the million lottery drawn at *Guildhall*. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and shewed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near *Chelfea*, where Mr. *Addison* often retires; and to-night, at the *Coffee house*, we hear sir *Simon Harcourt* is made lord-keeper; so that now we expect every moment the *Parliament* will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from *MD*, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen *Stella's* mother, because I will not see lady *Giffard*; but I will contrive to go there when lady *Giffard* is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is *Number 3*, and I have not yet had *Number 1* from *MD*; but I shall by *Monday*, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. Morn-

16. Morning. Sir *John Holland*, comptroller of the household, has sent to desire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuse him because he is a *Whig*, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where *Patty Rolt* lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. *Long*'s misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, no-body knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with *Will Pate*, the learned woollen-draper; Mr. *Stratford* went with me: six miles here is nothing: we left *Pate* after sun-set, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on *Tuesday*, whether I hear from *MD* or no. My health continues pretty well: pray God *Stella* may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at *Trim*, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night: the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little *MD*'s hand;
and

and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers! Here is Mr. *Brydges* *, the paymaster-general, desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen sent lord *Shrewsbury* to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the *First-fruits*. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet; it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I'll do so no more. Sir *Simon Harcourt* is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. *Stratford* at Mr. *Addison*'s retirement near *Chelsea*; then came to town; got home early, and begun a letter to the *Tatler* about the corruptions of stile and writing, &c. and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord *Wharton* was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the duke of *Devonshire*: they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the *Parliament*

* Created viscount *Wilton*, in the county of *Hereford*, and earl of the county of *Caernarvon*, Oct. 19, 1714, 1 *George I.* and marquis of *Caernarvon*, and duke of *Chandois* in the county of *Hereford*, April 30, 1719, 5 *George I.*

ment will be dissolved. When you see *Joe*, tell him lord *Wharton* is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. *Addison*, and will write to-day to Mr. *Pratt*; and bid *Joe* not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like *Presbo*. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from *MD*. Yesterday at noon died the earl of *Anglesey*, the great support of the *Tories*; so that employment of vice-treasurer of *Ireland* is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss which could grieve me more. The bishop of *Durham* died the same day. The duke of *Ormond's* daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from lady *Berkeley*, begging me for charity to come to *Berkeley-castle*, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told,

told, that in a few hours, there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the duke's daughters; the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord-president *Somers*; the duke of *Devonshire*, lord-steward; and Mr. *Boyle*, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a *Court*: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the *Parliament* is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange *Winter* here between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to *Ireland*, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or no. To-morrow I change my lodgings in *Pall-mall* for one in *Bury-street*, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in *London*. If any thing happens to-morrow I will add it.—*Robin's Coffee-house*. We have great news just now from *Spain*, *Madrid* taken, and *Pampeluna*. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all

things are so well. I find you have not had my second: I had a letter from *Parvisol*, who tells me he gave Mrs. *Walls* a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the *Parliament* is dissolved: great news from *Spain*; king *Charles* and *Stanhope* are at *Madrid*, and count *Staremborg* has taken *Pampeluna*. Farewel. This is from *St. James's Coffee-house*. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night; but not send it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this journal way of writing.—I don't like your reasons for not going to *Trim*. *Parvisol* tells me he can sell your horse; sell it with a pox? Pray let him that know he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell any thing that *Stella* loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to *Trim*. Let him sell my grey and be hanged.

L E T-

LETTER IV.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little *MD* should be angry, and think *much* that the paper is too *little*. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, saucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on *Sunday*; *Molesworth*, the *Florence* envoy, *Stratford*, and some others. I heard to-day, that a gentlewoman from lady *Giffard*'s house had been at the *Coffee-house* to enquire for me. It was *Stella*'s mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her, without hazarding seeing lady *Giffard*, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at *Hampstead* with lady *Lucy*, &c. and when I got home found a letter from *Joe*, with one inclosed to lord *Wharton*, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's order, is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that

I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think any body will trouble the queen about *Joe*? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord-lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country, and I won't answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little *MD* of ours; I must be writing every night; I can't go to bed without a word to them; I can't put out my candle till I have bid them good night: O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time, to-day, with *Will Frankland* and his *Fortune*: she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day. I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in *Frankland's* chariot, and come back at night. Lady *Berkeley* has invited me to *Berkeley-castle*, and lady *Betty Germain* to *Drayton* in *Northamptonshire*, and I'll go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to *Bickerstaff*: let the bishop of *Clogher* smother it if he can. Well, I'll write to the bishop of *Killala*; but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected

expected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S——; and if I know D——y, he is a rawboned-faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So, you have got into *Presto's* lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. *Ballygall* will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. *Ashe* makes good her promise. *Stella* writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray Mrs. *Stella*. Can't you do what you will with your own horse? Pray don't let that puppy *Parvisol* sell him. *Patrick* is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her husband into the *Charter-house*? get a — into the *Charter-house*.—Write constantly! Why, firrah, don't I write every day, and sometimes twice a day, to *MD*? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be: send me my bill. Tell Mrs. *Brent* * what I say of the *Char-*

C 3

ter-

* The doctor's housekeeper.

ter-house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at *Will Pate's*, with *Stratford, Frankland*, and the *Moleworths*, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door *, and have sat at home since six, writing to the bishop of *Clogher*, dean *Sterne*, and Mr. *Manley*: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, To keep as much in favour as possible with sir *Thomas Frankland*, his master here.

26. Smoak how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. *Manley* you must know has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as *Midsummer*. This was written in the morning; 'tis now night, and *Presto* in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten *MD's* second letter,

* This must have been at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*.

letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to *Tooke*, and so—Well, I dined to-day with sir *John Holland*, the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon *, which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to saucy *MD*; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I han't seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. *S*— came to see me; and said *M*— was going to the country next morning with her husband (who I find is a surly brute) so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at *Will Frankland's* with *Steele* and *Addison* too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I can't afford to answer your letter yet. *Morgan*, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next lord-chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father *Raymond* †, or any body that will tell him:

C 4

that

* This was the virtues of *Sir Hamet*, the magician's rod.

† Dr. *Raymond* is only called his father, because he espoused Mr. *Morgan's* interest with all his power.

that Dr. *Swift* has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let *Joe*, or Mr. *Warburton* *, give them to him: a pox on him! However, 'tis by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I can't say good night without losing a line, and then *MD* would scold; but now good night.

28. I have the finest piece of *Brazil* tobacco for *Dingley* that ever was born. You talk of *Leigh*; why he won't be in *Dublin* these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to *London*, to see how the world goes here in *Parliament*. Good night, firrabs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Barton* alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that lady *S*— was with child when she was last in *England*, and pretended a tympany, and saw every body; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. *Connolly*.

* The doctor's curate at *Laraçir*.

nolly † is out, and Mr. *Roberts* in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in *Ireland*. That employment cost *Conolly* three thousand pounds to lord *Wharton*; so he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish *MD* a merry *Michaelmas*. I dined with Mr. *Addison*, and *Jervas*, the painter, at *Addison's* country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a *Tatler* since I came; guess which it is, and whether the bishop of *Clogher* smoaks it. I saw Mr. *Sterne* to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for *Stella's* health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make *Stella* a coward in a coach. I don't think any lady's advice about my ear signifies two-pence: however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. *Cockburn*. *Radcliffe* I know not, and *Bernard* I never see. *Walls* * will certainly be stingier for seven years upon pretence of his robbery. So *Stella* puns again; why, 'tis well enough; but

† Right-hon. *William Conolly*, afterwards speaker of the house of commons in *Ireland*, a commissioner of the revenue, and one of the lords justices.

* An archdeacon.

but I'll not second it, though I could make a dozen : I never thought of a pun since I left *Ireland*.—Bishop of *Clogher's* bill? Why, he paid it me ; do you think I was such a fool to go without it ? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on *Parvisol* for it on t'other side this paper ; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and *Joe*, or let *Dingley* transcribe and send them ; though that to *Parvisol*, I believe, he must have my hand for. No, no, I'll eat no grapes ; I eat about fix t'other day at fir *John Holland's* ; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God *Presto* and *MD* will be together this time twelve-month. What then? Last year I suppose I was at *Laracor* ; but next I hope to eat my *Michaelmas* goose at my two little gooses' lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I suppose you mean *ale*) but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much *Stella* writes : pray don't carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr. *Harley*. Why ; small hopes from the duke of *Ormond* : he loves me very well, I believe, and would, in my turn, give me something to make me easy ; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I don't think
of

of any thing further than the business I am upon: you see I writ to *Manley* before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, *Blighe's* corpse came to *Chester* when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in *Bury-street*, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room, and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mrs. *Stella*, about my *Instrument*? I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away. The dean friendly; the dean be poxt: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the bishop of *Clogher*; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that's enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to *Joe* and *Parvisol*. Tell the dean, that when the bishops send me any pacquets, they must not write to me at Mr. *Steele's*; but direct for Mr. *Steele*, at his office at the *Cockpit*; and let the inclosed be directed for me: that mistake cost me eighteen-pence t'other day.

30. I dined with *Stratford* to-day, but am not to see Mr. *Harley* till *Wednesday*:
 'tis

tis late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have *Joe* have his letter, and *Parvisol* too; which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAN'T I brought myself into a fine premunire to begin writing letters in whole sheets, and now I dare not leave it off. I can't tell whether you like these journal letters; I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little *MD* is pleased to know how *Presto* passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended my former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with *Stratford: Lewis*, who is a great favourite of *Harley's*, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to *Hampton-Court*, and sent his excuse; and that next *Wednesday* he would introduce me to *Harley*. 'Tis good to see what a lamentable confession the *Whigs* all make me of my ill usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to *Harley* as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being *Whig* enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The *Tories* dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather I do understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at * *Molesworth's*, the *Florence* envoy; and sat this evening with my friend *Darteneuf*, whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smokt the *Tatler* that I writ? It is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with *Delaval* the *Portugal* envoy, to dine with lord *Halifax* near *Hampton-court*. Your *Manley's* brother, a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and, to-day, I spoke to the elder *Frankland* to engage his father, (post-master here) and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the *Tories* of *Ireland*. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great person †. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off and go write to sir *John Stanley*, to desire him to engage lady *Hyde*, as my mistress to engage lord *Hyde* in favour of Mr. *Pratt*.

2. Lord

* *John Molesworth*, envoy extraordinary to the Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, who received him with particular marks of honour and distinction. He was a commissioner of the stamp-office; and the second lord viscount *Molesworth*.

† The earl of *Codolphin*.

2. Lord *Halifax* was at *Hampton-court* at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with * *Methuen* and *Delaval*, and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner (for the queen was at *Hampton-court*) and expected to see *nobody*; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartons of *Raphael*, and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord *Halifax*, who would have kept me to-morrow to shew me his house and park, and improvements. We left *Hampton-court* at sun-set, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by star-light. That's something charms me mightily about *London*; that you go dine a dozen miles off in *October*, stay all day, and return so quickly: you cannot do any thing like this in *Dublin* †. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl *Berkeley* died last *Sunday* was se'nnight, at *Berkeley-castle*, of a dropsey? Lord *Halifax* began

* Sir *Paul Methuen*, a very ingenious gentleman, who was ambassador at the court of *Portugal*, a great purchaser of pictures, whose collection was reckoned as fine as any in *England*.

† When this letter was written there were no turn-pike roads in *Ireland*; but the case now is quite altered, and you may dine any where as far from *Dublin*, and return as quickly, as you can from *London*.

began a health to me to-day; it was the *Resurrection of the Whigs*, which I refused, unless he would add their *Reformation* too: and I told him he was the only *Whig* in *England* I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning *Stella's* sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at *Sheene*; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same: your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of a girl. I went then to Mr. *Lewis*, first secretary to lord *Dartmouth*, and favourite to Mr. *Harley*, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. *Lewis* had with him one Mr. *Dyet*, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp-office, and married to a sister of sir *Philip Meadows*, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. *Dyet* will be hanged; for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this comes to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man.

man. Smoak *Presto* writing news to *MD*. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy* at *Kensington*, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, *October 2*, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider *Stella* can't read, and *Dingley* is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had, to-night, a letter from Mr. *Pratt*, who tells me, *Joe* will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is lord lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for * *Ned Southwell* and Mr. *Addison* both think *Pratt* in the right. Don't lose your money at *Manley's* to-night, firrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of lord *Halifax*, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near *Hampton-court*; but I sent him word I had

VOL. XVII.

D

business

* A privy counsellor, and secretary of state for *Ireland*.

business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And, to-day, I was brought privately to Mr. *Harley*, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on *Saturday* at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smokt it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. *Delaval's*, the envoy for *Portugal*, with *Nic Rowe*, the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th: and why *N. 2d, 3d*; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3? &c. I am going to work at another *Tatler*: I'll be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little *MD*; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear *MD*, when I occasionally give you any little commission mixt with my letters, don't forget it, as that to *Morgan* and *Joe*, &c. for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would

would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. *Sterne* to-day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you'll pay me when *the giver's bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning *Delaval* came to see me, and we went together to *Kneller's* *, who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying *A Colt*, a *Stanhope*, &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side. I dined again at *Delaval's*; and in the evening, at the *Coffee-house*, heard sir *Andrew Fountain* was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of a day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth three-pence: I hope *MD* had a better, with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. *Walls*. Why, the reason you lost four and eight-pence last night but one at *Manley's*, was because you played bad games: I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon *Manilio*, *Basto*, and two small diamonds? Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten-ace; I

D 2

never

* Sir *Godfrey Kneller's*, the painter.

never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here's two and eight pence halfpenny towards your loss.

6. Sir *Andrew Fountain* came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the *Chop-house* with *Will Pate*, the learned wool-len-draper: then we sauntered at *china-shops* and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. *Harley*, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon; so that this night I shall say little to *MD*, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more *Tories* than in the last *Parliament*; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the *Court* pleases. But I have been told, that Mr. *Harley* himself would not let the *Tories* be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several *Whigs* in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as sir *John Holland*, the comptoller, and many others. And so get you
gone

gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the * dean's, and I'll go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished. It must go by *Tuesday*, that's certain; and if I have one from *MD* before, I will not answer it, that's as certain too! 'Tis now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. *Harley* last night; for you must understand *Presto* was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you; and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, firrahs.—At night. *Jack How* told *Harley*, that if there were a lower place in *Hell* than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. *Harley*, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. *Harley* was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. *Harley* came out to me, brought me in and presented to me his son-

D 3

in-law,

* Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*, afterwards bishop of *Clogher*, who bequeathed 1200*l.* to build a spire on that steeple.

in-law, lord *Doblane* * (or some such name) and his own son, and, among others, *Will Penn* †, the quaker: we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business; entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up ‡, and put it in his pocket to shew the queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing I could wish: told me he must bring Mr. *St. John* (secretary of state) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, That he would do every thing to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that) I mean he has desired me to dine with him on *Tuesday*; and after four hours being with him, set me down at *St. James's Coffee-house* in a hackney-coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this

* Lord *Dupplin*, afterwards earl of *Kinnoul*, who was ambassador at *Constantinople*.

† Proprietor of a great part of *Pensylvania*.

‡ See the collection of letters printed for *Doddsley* and others, No. 30.

this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I'll tell you; you must know, 'tis fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to *Tooke*, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to a blind chop-house, and dine for ten-pence upon gill-ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send *Steele* a *Tatler*, who is very low of late. I think I am civilier than I used to be; and have not used the expression of (*you in Ireland*) and (*we in England*) as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation.—They may talk of the *you know what* *; but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends,

D 4

I have

* These words seem to refer to the apprehension the ministry were under, that *Swift* would take part with their enemies, and therefore it was that *Harley* would do every thing to bring him over. It is certain, that after *Swift* had become intimate with the ministry, they freely acknowledged to him in conversation, that he was the only man in *England* they were afraid of.

I have learnt by long practice, though I think among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and *Monday* will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see *Harley* on *Tuesday* before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of *Harley*. He charged me to come to him often: I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, That was not a place for friends to come to. 'Tis now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick, I must say something to *MD* when I wake, and wish them a good-morrow; for this is not a shaving-day, *Sunday*, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write: yes, 'twill vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to half sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of *Presto's* life lost; and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger; and this evening

evening fir *Andrew Fountain* would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, *Portugal* and *Florence*, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I'll spend as many pounds; and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries: but we had a neck of mutton drest *a la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat: and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have *MD's* third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for *MD's* third too: and yet I would have it to say, that I writ, five for two. I am not fond at all of *St. James's Coffee-house*, as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with *Dr. Garth* to dine with *Charles Main*, near the *Tower*, who has an employment there: he is of *Ireland*; the bishop of *Clogher* knows him well: an honest good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laughter, mightily beloved by the men of wit: his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so, good night, &c.

9. I dined to-day at fir *John Stanley's*; my lady *Stanley* is one of my favourites; I have as many here as the bishop of *Killala* has in *Ireland*. I am thinking what scurvy
com-

company I shall be to *MD* when I come back: they know every thing of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly nasty filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern: oh, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at *Harley's*, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop: faith 'tis true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with *Harley*: and, faith, young women, I'll tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor *MD's* letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor *Presto's* letter. Well, I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bell-man. I am to dine again there on *Sunday* next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to *MD*, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I don't write as I should, because I am not
in

in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I'll go reckon the lines on t'other sides. I've reckoned them *,

* Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small hand.

L E T-

LETTER VI.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

SO, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general sir *Simon Harcourt*, with much compliments on all sides, &c. *Harley* told me he had shewn my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on *Sunday*, when he promises to settle it with her majesty, before she names a governor; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time; for he loves the church; this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop, I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. *Harley* said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical *Description of a Shower in London*, and will send it to the *Tatler*. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray now it comes into my head,
will

will you, when you go to Mrs. *Walls*, contrive to know whether Mrs. *Wesley* be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town. I writ to her from *Chester*, to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me: so I must go to my business, &c.

II. To-day at last I dined with lord *Montrath*, and carried lord *Mountjoy* and sir *Andrew Fountain* with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half crowns; and sir *Andrew Fountain* won eight guineas of Mr. *Coote*: so I am come home late, and will say but little to *MD* this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and *Patrick*, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I pickt off the coals before I went to-bed. It is a sign *London* is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smooke in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing at ombre? But I interlined and altered a little after I had received a letter from Mr. *Manley*, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me; but without his help I guess'd within one day. Your town is certainly much more
fociable

sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. *Garth* and Mr. *Addison*, at the *Devil* tavern by *Temple-bar*, and *Garth* treated; and 'tis well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters; for we are yet in a very dull state, only enquiring every day after new elections, where the *Tories* carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. *Addison's* election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at *Colchester*: one captain *Lavallin* coming from *Flanders* or *Spain*, found his wife with child by a clerk of *Doctors Commons*, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications; and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of *Dyet's* counterfeiting the stamp paper. *Lavallin* has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the *Treasury* about the discovery he made; the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alledging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but t'other day somebody told *Lavallin* his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword

sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours; but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the *Shower*, all but the beginning, and am going on with my *Tatler*. They have fixt about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I shall remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I'll mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against *Presto* comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear sometimes from saucy *MD*; but don't hurt your eyes, *Stella*, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here's but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall *Presto* do for prittle prattle to entertain *MD*? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of *Ormond* for *Ireland*, though Mr. *Addison* says he hears it will be in commission, and lord * *Gallaway* one. These letters of mine are
a sort

* A *French* protestant nobleman, who fled from *France* to avoid persecution upon account of his religion.

a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I don't care two-pence whether it be or no.—At night. To-day I was all about *St. Paul's*, and up at the top like a fool, with fir *Andrew Fountain* and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I'll never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me, unconsidering puppies! There's a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one *Harrison*, a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea*, about the *Sprig of an Orange*, is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of *Queensbury's* sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. *Henley* is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made *Harrison* lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find

find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I'll see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord *Halifax* is always teasing me to go down to his country-house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vext at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a *Whig*, and I'll put him upon some of my cast *Whigs*; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for *London* above all places, and they have lost three in the four. Sir *Richard Onslow*, we hear, has lost for *Surry*; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters, I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the *Shower in London* I have sent to the *Tatler*, and you may see them in *Ireland*. I fancy you'll smook me in the *Tatler* I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir *Matthew Dudley*, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It

is as follows [is the *Devil* in you? *Oet.* 13, 1710.] I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here's enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper *, or what? I don't remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamt of *Stella*, &c. so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean *Bolton* and *Sterne* go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I know not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixt with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how: and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr. *Addison* and I dined with *Ned Southwell*, and walked in the *Park*; and at the *Coffee-house* I found a letter from the bishop of *Clogher*, and a packet from *MD*. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up *MD*'s, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find *MD* well, and happy, and merry, and that they love *Presto* as they do fires. Oh, I won't open it yet! yes I will! no I won't; I am going; I can't stay

* The upper part of the letter was a little besmeared with some such stuff; the mark is still on it.

stay till I turn over *. What shall I do? My fingers itch; and now I have it in my left hand; and now I'll open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and can't imagine what's in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, 'tis from sir *Andrew Fountain*: What, another! I fancy this is from Mrs. *Barton*; she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would enquire; it must be at *Dawson's* † office at the *castle*. I fear this is from *Patty Rolt*, by the scrawl. Well, I'll read *MD's* letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady *Berkeley*, to invite me to *Berkeley-castle* this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery; poor lady. Well, now I go to *MD's* letter: faith, 'tis all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter *N. 3*, that I have now received, is dated *Sept. 26*, and *Manley's* letter, that I had five days ago, was dated *Oct. 3*, that's a fortnight difference;

E 2

* That is, to the next page; for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the first.

† *Joshua Dawson*, Esq; secretary to the lords justices of *Ireland*. He built a very fine house in a street called by his own name, which is now the mansion-house of the lord mayor of *Dublin*.

ence: I doubt it has lain in *Steele's* office, and he forgot. Well, there's an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets, to inclose them in a paper directed to Mr. *Addison* at *St. James's Coffee-house*: not common letters, but packets: the bishop of *Clogher* may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: flidikins, I have been the best boy in *Christendom*, and you come with your two eggs a penny.—Well; but stay, I'll look over my book: adad, I think there was a *chasm* between my *N. 2* and *N. 3*. Faith, I won't promise to write to you every week; but I'll write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to *Presto*, only because it is *Tuesday*, a *Monday*, bedad, it will grow a task; but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no——Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor *Stellakins*. Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have not I ordered *Parvisol* to obey your directions about him? And han't I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him, if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for? Have I any thing to do with them? Revolutions a hindrance

hindrance to me in my business; Revolutions—to me in my business? If it were not for the revolutions, I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old: forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. *Harley's*; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about *Stella's* mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except sir *Andrew Fountain*: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? That's he; but say nothing; 'twas only a little revenge: I'll remember to bring it over. The bishop of *Clogher* has smacked my *Tatler* about shortening of words, &c. But, God so *! &c.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember it; for *Stella* must not spoil her eyes, and *Dingley* can't read my hand very well; and

E 3

I am

* This appears to be an interjection of surprise at the length of his journal.

I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. *Harley*: Mr. *Prior* dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the *First-Fruits* and *Twentieth Parts*, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered till in publick: and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord *Peterborow*: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called *Sid Hamet*. Mr. *Harley* repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord *Peterborow* would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. *Harley* bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. *Prior* rallied lord *Peterborow* for author of them; and lord *Peterborow* said, he knew them to be his; and *Prior* then turned upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in *Ireland*; yet here they run prodigiously. *Harley* presented me to lord-president of *Scotland*, and Mr. *Benson*, lord of the treasury.

fury. *Prior* and I came away at nine, and sat at the *Smyrna* till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and *Patrick* before it, to Mr. *Harley*, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulked; but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by next visit. I tipped his porter with a half crown; and so I am well there for a time at least. I dined at *Stratford's* in the city, and had *Burgundy* and *Tockay*: came back afoot like a scoundrel; then went with Mr. *Addison* and supped with lord *Mountjoy*, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pound of chocolate for *Stella*, and a little wooden box: and I have a great piece of *Brazil* tobacco for *Dingley*, and a bottle of palsy water for *Stella*: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. *Sterne* has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. *Curry's*, and sent by Dr. *Hawkshaw*, whom I have not seen; but *Sterne* has undertaken it. The chocolate is a present, madam, for *Stella*. Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to *Dingley*, pray now; and

I'll write as plain as the skies; and let *Dingley* write *Stella's* part, and *Stella* dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being out late; so it must stay till *Thursday*. I dined to-day with your Mr. *Sterne*, by invitation, and drank *Irish* wine *: but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, colonel *Edgworth* †; so I went

* Claret.

† It is reported of this colonel *Ambrose Edgworth*, that he once made a visit to one of his brothers, who lived at the distance of about one day's journey from his house, and that he travelled to see him with his led horse, portmantuas, &c. As soon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three suits of fine cloaths, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bed-chamber, together with his night-gown, and shaving-plate, disposed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfast, with his boots on, his brother asked him where he proposed riding before dinner: I am going directly home says the colonel. Lord! said his brother, I thought you intended to stay some time with us. No, replied the colonel, I can't stay with you at present; I only just came to see you and my sister, and must return home this morning. And accordingly his cloaths, &c. were packed up, and off he went.

But what merit soever the colonel might have had to boast of, his son *Talbot Edgworth* excelled him by at least fifty bars length. *Talbot* never thought of any thing but fine cloaths, splendid furniture for his horse, and exciting, as he flattered himself, universal admiration. In these pursuits he expended his whole income,

went away. This day came out the *Tatler*, made up wholly of my *Shower*, and a preface to it. They say 'tis the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of *Clogher* will shew it you. Pray tell me how you like it. *Tooke* is going on with my *Miscellany*. I'd give a penny the letter to the bishop of *Killaloe* was in it. It would do him honour. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my

income, which, at best, was very inconsiderable: in other respects, he cared not how he lived. To do him justice, he was an exceeding handsome fellow, well shaped, and of a good heighth, rather tall than of the middle size. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to shine forth in the world, and continued to blaze during the whole reign of *George* the first. He bethought himself very happily of one extravagance, well suited to his disposition: he insisted upon an exclusive right to one board at *Lucar's Coffee-house*, where he might walk backwards and forwards, and exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders; in which particular he was indulged almost universally; but now and then some arch fellow would usurp on his privilege, take possession of the board, meet him, and dispute his right; and when this happened to be the case, he would chafe, bluster, ask the gentleman his name, and immediately set him down in his table-book, as a man that he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world, his common phrase was, *They may look and die*. In short, he was the jest of the men, and the contempt of the women. This unhappy man, being neglected by his relations in his lunacy, was taken into custody during his madness, and confined in *Bridewell, Dublin*, where he died.

my *Things* together; and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest: but don't say any thing of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I'll send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with *Stratford* and others, at a young merchants in the city, with *Hermitage* and *Tockay*, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog *Patrick* is abroad, and drinking, and I can't get my night-gown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I han't time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. *Addison*, at a merchant's; and just now, at the *Coffee-house*, we have notice that the duke of *Ormond* was this day declared lord lieutenant, at *Hampton-court*, in council. I have not seen Mr. *Harley* since; but hope the affair is done about *First-Fruits*. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning;

ing ; but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. *Sterne*, to send to you by some friend : I have directed it for Mr. *Curry*, at his house : so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my sixth, sent when I had but three of *MD*'s : now I am beforehand, and will keep so ; and God Almighty bless dearest *MD*, &c.

L E T -

LETTER VII.

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O Faith I am undone! this paper is larger than t'other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is *MD* I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in my letter to-day where I had been, and how the day past, and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr. *Lewis*, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. *Harley*; and by and by comes up Mr. *Harley* himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, and went to wait on the two lady *Butlers*; but the porter answered, They were not at home: the meaning was, the youngest lady *Mary*, is to be married to-morrow to lord *Ashburnham*, the best match now in *England*, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my *Shower* is liked in *Ireland*: I never knew any thing pass better here. I spent the evening with *Wortley Montague* and Mr. *Addison*, over a bottle of *Irish* wine. Do they know any thing in *Ireland* of my greatness among the *Tories*? Every body reproaches me of it here; but I value them not.

not. Have you heard of the verses about the *Rod of Sid Ham*? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body suspects me for them, only they think nobody but *Prior* or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a *Ballad*, full of puns, on the *Westminster Election*, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but *MD*. If you have them not, I'll bring them over.

21. I got *MD*'s fourth to-day at the *Coffee-house*. God Almighty bless poor dear *Stella*, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any thing else, and I will write plainer for *Dingley* to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. *Harley*, who presented me to the earl of *Sterling*, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in lord *Peterborow*. I staid till nine before Mr. *Harley* would let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He says, the queen has now granted the *First-Fruits* and *Twentieth Parts*; but
he

he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in *Ireland* in form, and to take notice, That it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. *Harley* tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. and I am to see him on *Tuesday*. I know not whether I told you, that in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a year more, though it was not in my commission; but that Mr. *Harley* says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it further: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the *First-Fruits* being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was compassed so soon, and purely done by my own personal credit with Mr. *Harley*, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to shew the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily, who had deserved better. The memorial given to the Queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord *Wharton*. I believe this business is as important to you as the *Convocation* disputes from *Tisdall* *. I hope in a month or two
all

* These words, notwithstanding their great obscenity at present, were very clear and intelligible to
Mrs.

all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me, or no: for I am sure I have so much, that I will never take it upon me.—Insolent fluts! because I say *Dublin, Ireland*, therefore you must say *London, England*: that's *Stella's* malice †.—Well, for that I won't answer your letter till to-morrow day, and so and so: I'll go write something else, and it won't be much; for 'tis late.

22. I

Mrs. *Johnson*: they referred to conversations, which passed between her and Dr. *Tisdall* seven or eight years before; when the doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful Divine, but a zealous Church-Tory, frequently entertained her with *Convocation* disputes. This gentleman, in the years 1703 and 1704, paid his addresses to Mrs. *Johnson*. Vide the first three letters in *Faulkner's* collection of *Swift's* correspondence, printed in 1766, especially letter the 3d, which at present wants some annotations to clear up many obscurities. If the reader be curious in these matters, he may consult *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift*. chap. v. p. 87, printed in the year 1755; where the above-mentioned letters are referred to, and where he may see by what means the event of this courtship was finally determined.

† There is a particular compliment to *Stella* couched in these words. *Stella* was herself an *Englishwoman*, born at *Richmond* in *Surry*; nevertheless she respected the interest and the honour of *Ireland*, where she had lived some years, with a generous patriotic spirit.

22. I was this morning with Mr. *Lewis*, the under secretary to lord *Dartmouth*, two hours talking politicks, and contriving to keep *Steele* in his office of stamp paper: he has lost his place of *Gazetteer*, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a *Tatler*, some months ago, against Mr. *Harley*, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and *Lewis* was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with *Steele*. Well, I dined with sir *Matthew Dudley*, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. *Addison*, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found *Party* had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopt short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to *Steele*, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will

will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know 'tis neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from *MD* this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at *Molefworth's*, the *Florence* envoy, then went to the coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. *Addison*, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day, by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters, but *MD's*.

24. I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr. *Harley's*, hoping—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted: but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to-day at sir *Matthew Dudley's*, with Mr. *Addison*, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the duke of *Ormond*; and coming out, met lord *Berkeley*

of *Stratton*, who told me, that Mrs. *Temple*, the widow, died last *Saturday*, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr. *Addison* and *Steele*, and a sister of Mr. *Addison*, who is married to one Monfr. *Sartre*, a *Frenchman*, *Prebendary* of *Westminster*, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastick life in those cloisters, and I liked *Laracor* better. *Addison's* sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. *Congreve*, who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as chearful as ever. He is younger by three years or more * than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. *Morgan*; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipt for forgetting to

* *Congreve* was born in the year 1672; consequently he was between four and five years younger than Dr. *Swift*.

to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all, &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from *Parvisol*, with an account how my livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news. He tells me plainly, that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. 'Tis a sad thing that *Stella* must have her own horse, whether *Parvisol* will or no. So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the bishop of *Killala*, which, I suppose, was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, there's the short of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean *Bolton* * paid him the twenty
F 2 pounds;

* This gentleman, as well as Dr. *Swift*, was one of the chaplains to his excellency lord *Berkeley*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, and promoted to the deanry of *Derry*, which had been previously promised to Dr. *Swift*; but Mr. *Bushe*, the principal secretary, for weighty reasons, best known to himself, laid Dr. *Swift* aside, unless he would pay him a large sum, which the doctor refused with the utmost contempt and scorn.

pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss —. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that dean *Bolton* is such a *whipster*. 'Tis the most obliging thing in the world in dean *Sterne* to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage. No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of *Will Crowe's* death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that captain *Pratt* shall not suffer by lord *Anglesea's* death. I'll try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from *Jervas*. I'll make sir *Andrew Fountain* buy one as for himself, and I'll pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this.— Poor *John*! is he gone? and madam *Parvisol* has been in town? Humm. Why, *Tighe* and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. *Sterne's* lodging; he was not within, and Mr. *Leigh* is not come to town, but I will do *Dingley's* errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now 'tis off; I suppose I told you so in some former

former letter. And so you only want some salad dishes, and plates, and &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds.—Now to *Stella's* little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Can't you dictate to *Dingley*, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure 'tis the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus [How do you, do Mrs. *Stella*?] That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open*: and then *Dingley* may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be inclosed to Mr. *Addison*, at *St. James's Coffee-house*: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. *Harley*, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form.—Make two or three nutgalls, make two or three —galls, stop your receipt in your—I have no need on't. Here's a clutter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things.

F 3

Order

* It is actually better written, and in a plainer hand.

Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening?

I dined to-day with *Patty Rolt* at my cousin *Leach's*, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the *postman*, oh ho, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. *Baby Aires* of *Leicester*; and my cousin *Thompson* was with us: and my cousin *Leach* offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the *postman*; and says, he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea. But I was modest, and said, May be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. 'Tis all with the same cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. 'Tis plaguy twelve-penny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy *Bank Stock*

Stock with it, which is fallen near thirty *per cent.* and pays eight pounds *per cent.* and you have the principal when you please : it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady *Giffard* would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you, and take the five *per cent.* common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in *Ireland*; and I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I'll pay him when I can get in my money. I hope *Stratford* will do me that kindness. I'll ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. *Rowe* the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. *Addison's* place that he had in *England*) and there was Mr. *Prior*; and they both fell commending my *Shower* beyond any thing that has been written of the kind: there never was such a shower since *Danaë's*, &c. You must tell me how 'tis liked among you. I dined with *Rowe*; *Prior* could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where *Congreve*, sir *Richard Temple*, *Eastcourt*, and *Charles Main* were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of

his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixt with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. *Garth* and *Addison* and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. *Harley*, but he was denied, or not at home: so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord *Pembroke*, who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to see the ladies *Butler*, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them: so I sent them a threatning message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the *Coffee-house*, and *Ford* desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did, like a fool, chatting till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the *Whigs* talk so, it would give one the spleen; and I am afraid of meeting Mr. *Harley* out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again: it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I'll send this on *Tuesday*,
day,

day, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. *Addison* and I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy*: which is all the adventures of this day.—I chatted a while to-night in the *Coffee-house*, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. *Long*, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell any body the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and visiting *Lewis*, and concerting where to see Mr. *Harley*. I have no news to send you. *Aire*, they say, is taken, though the *Whitehall* letters this morning say quite the contrary: 'tis good, if it be true. I dined with Mr. *Addison* and *Dick Stuart*, lord *Mountjoy's* brother; a treat of *Addison's*. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixt water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bell-man, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little *MD* no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. *Brent*.

I'm

I'm a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, firrah *Stella*. I found you out; I did so.

I'm staying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly *D* is dry in the last line but one. Don't you see it? O Lord, I'm loth to leave you, faith—but it must be so, till next time. Pox take that *D*; I'll blot it to dry it.

L E T-

L E T T E R VIII.

London, October 31, 1710.

SO, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I'll tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it: I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day. and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish *MD* a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addison at lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who

who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on *Friday*; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again; and then the duke of *Ormond* and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six, and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the *Coffee-house*, which I grew weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of *Presto*, for fear little *MD* should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn* to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr. *Ford* has been with me till just now, and 'tis near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr. *Dopping* I have seen, and he tells me coldly, my *Shower* is liked well enough; there's your *Irish* judgment. I writ this post to the bishop of *Clogher*. 'Tis now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I'll allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? Does Mrs. *Walls* win constantly, as she used to do; and

and Mrs. *Stoyte*? I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of *Irish* coming for *London*: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them. And *Tighe* is landed; but Mrs. *Wesley*, they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well, little monkies mine, I must go write; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little *Dingley* to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I don't know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a *PMD* *. We have scurvy *Tatlers* of late: so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more: he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as — I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless *Tisdall* fellow that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world, till he

* *PMD*. This cypher stands for *Presso, Stella*, and *Dingley*; as much as to say, it looks like us three quite retired from all the rest of the world.

he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content.—At night in bed. Stay, let me see where's this letter to *MD* among these papers? Oh! here. Well, I'll go on now; but I am very busy (smoak the new pen.) I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, and am invited there again on *Sunday*. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of *Dublin*, that the queen has granted the *First-Fruits*; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is sent them by the queen's orders from lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c. and I shall write to the archbishop of *Dublin* to-morrow. (I have had no giddiness to-day.) I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If dispatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission, signed by the primate and archbishop of *Dublin**, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a—for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter

* See *Faulkner's* collection, letter xxxiii.

ter from the bishop of *Clogher*, who complains of my not writing; and what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? 'Tis not right faith: but I won't be angry with *MD* at distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady *Mountjoy* put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called *MD*, and it was *N. 5*, which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put *MD*'s commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses and spectacles, and spectacle cases. I have no commission from *Stella*, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. *Sterne*, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I must go write and do business.

4. I dined to-day at *Kensington*, with *Addison*, *Steele*, &c. came home, and writ a short letter to the archbishop of *Dublin*, to let him know the queen has granted the thing,

thing, &c. I writ in the *Coffee-house*, for I staid at *Kensington* till nine, and am plaguy weary; for colonel *Proud* was very ill company, and I'll never be of a party with him again; and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. *Harley* from dinner to seven this night, and went to the *Coffee-house*, where Dr. *D'Avenant* would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. *Chamberlain*; but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that *Chamberlain* was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time; so he, and the comptroller, and I were prevailed on, by sir *Matthew Dudley*, to go to his house, where I staid till twelve, and left them. *D'Avenant* has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called, *The third Part of Tom Double*; to make his court to the *Tories*, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling in the city to see *Patty Rolt*, who is going to *Kingston*, where she lodges, but to say the truth, I had

had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged: for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in *Dublin*. I won't answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from *MD*: 'twould be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as *MD* does from *Presto*. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that's certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at sir *Richard Temple's*, with *Congreve*, *Vanbrugh*, lieutenant-general *Farington*, &c. *Vanbrugh*, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those *Verses on his House*; but we were very civil and cold. Lady *Marlborough* used to teaze him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a *Thanksgiving-day*, and I was at *Court*, where the queen passed us by with all *Tories* about her; not one *Whig*: *Buckingham*, *Rochester*, *Leeds*, *Shrewsbury*, *Berkeley* of *Stratton*, lord-keeper *Harcourt*, Mr. *Harley*, lord *Pembroke*, &c. and I have seen her without one *Tory*. The queen made me a curtsy, and said in a sort of familiar way to *Presto*, *How does MD?* I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss

the *Whigs* at Court; but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here's ado and a clutter! I must now answer *MD's* fifth; but first you must know I dined at the *Portugal* envoy's to-day, with *Addison*, *Vanbrug*, admiral *Wager*, sir *Richard Temple*, *Methuen*, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fire-place in my bed-chamber; but 'tis very warm weather when one's in bed. Your fine cap, madam *Dingley*, is too little, and too hot: I'll have that furr taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the furr? I was feeling, but can't find: if it be, 'twill do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: But may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? Well, now to rogue *MD's* letter. God be thanked for *Stella's* eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you writ too much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *Wiggs* that think I am turned *Tory*? Do you mean *Whigs*? Which *Wiggs* and what to you mean? I know nothing of *Raymond*,

mond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. [Pray remember *Morgan*.] *Raymond* is indeed like to have much influence over me in *London*, and to share much of my conversation. I shall, no doubt, introduce him to *Harley*, and lord-keeper, and the secretary of state. The *Tatler* upon *Milton's Spear* is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there was betwixt you and your judgment? In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about style, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine—and I defy mankind if I please. Why I writ a pamphlet when I was last in *London*, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine. Could you have guessed the *Shower in Town* to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went; but I suppose you in *Ireland* did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon; only *Harley* said he smoked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. 'Tis called *The Rod of Sid Hamet*. And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shan't know till I see you again. What do you mean *That boards near me, that I dine with now and then*? I know no such person: I don't dine with boarders.

What the pox? You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you better than I do. What do you mean firrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I'll give ten shillings a week for my lodging; for I am almost st—k out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my *Shower*. Well, madam *Dingley*, what say you to the world to come? What *Ballad*? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back: patience is as gay a thing as, &c. I hear nothing of lord *Mountjoy's* coming for *Ireland*. When is *Stella's Birth-day*? In *March*? Lord bless me, my turn at *Christ-Church*; it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? Would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of *Latin*, *fonsonibus atque*, that's the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? 'Twas you betrayed me: not I, faith; I'll not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to lady *Giffard*, to put some money for you in the *Bank*, which was then fallen thirty *per cent*. Would to God mine had been

been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in *Ireland*, and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing, by this fall of stocks. 'Tis rising now, and I knew it would; it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. *Raymond* you say is with child: I am sorry for it; and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. *Harley* speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and, I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the duke of *Ormond* may give me some addition to *Laracor*. Why should the *Whigs* think I came to *England* to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret? I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the Devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot 'em for ungrateful dogs; I'll make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the *Whigs*; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told

you before, and of the bishop of *Killala's*; but I will not write to him, I han't time. What do you mean by my fourth, madam *Dinglibus*? Does not *Stella* say you have had my fifth, goody Blunder? You frightened me till I looked back. Well this is enough for one night. (Pray give my humble service to Mrs. *Stoyte* and her sister, *Kate* is it or *Sarah*? I have forgot her name, faith.) I think I'll e'en (and to Mrs. *Walls* and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I'll keep it till *Saturday*, though I write no more. But what if a letter from *MD* should come in the mean time? Why then I would only say, Madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble servant to command, *Presto*; and so conclude. Well, now I'll write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of *MD*.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full? Han't you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well I was to see Mr. *Lewis* this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. secretary *St. John*; and I must contrive to see *Harley* soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at lord *Montrath's*, with lord *Mount-joy*,

joy, &c. but the wine was not good, so I came away, stayed at the *Coffee-house* till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. 'Tis mighty warm; yet I fear I should catch cold this wet weather, if I sat an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because *MD* is not here to take care of *Presto*; and I am full of business, writing, &c. and don't care for the *Coffee-house*; and so this serves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but *Presto* is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I won't do that often; but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on *Saturday* it shall go; so I must save something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: if it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost? I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for night, good night; but when I am taking leave, I can't leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal won't come there. I dined to-day at lady *Lucy's*, where they ran down my *Shower*; and said *Sid Hamet* was

the filliest poem they ever read, and told *Prior* so, whom they thought to be author of it. Don't you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and, besides, I don't like women so much as I did. [*MD* you must know are not women.] I supped to-night at *Addison's*, with *Garth*, *Steele*, and *Mr. Dopping*; and am come home late. *Lewis* has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is *Mr. secretary St. John's* appointment. I had a letter just now from *Raymond*, who is at *Bristol*, and says he will be in *London* in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shan't know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger. Paaaast twelvve o'clock, and so good night, &c. Oh! but I forgot, *Jemmy Leigh* is come to town; says he has brought *Dingley's* things, and will send them with the first convenience. My parcel I hear is not sent yet. He thinks of going for *Ireland* in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because I will sign my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things;

things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

II. Morning by candlelight. You must know I am in my night-gown every morning between six and seven, and *Patrick* is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear *MD* for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest *MD*. Farewel, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

L E T.

LETTER IX.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I Dined to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state Mr. *St. John*. Mr. *Harley* came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. *Lewis*, and Dr. *Freind* (that writ *Lord Peterborow's Actions in Spain*). I staid with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. *Prior* came in after dinner; and, upon an occasion, he [the secretary] said, the best thing he ever read is not your's, but Dr. *Swift's* on *Vanbrug*; which I do not reckon so very good neither. But *Prior* was damped until I stuf't him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for fir *William Temple*, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks
the

the *Mall*, and frequents *St. James's Coffee-house*, and the *Chocolate-houses*, and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. *Harley* complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in *Ireland* hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said; and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon: for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterwards not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady *Giffard* know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to enquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old *Beast's* humour. You know I cannot in honour see lady *Giffard*,

fard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former) Can't you get thicker? Why, that's a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. 'Tis this,

If paper be thin,
Ink will slip in;
But if it be thick,
You may write with-a stick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. *Long*, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town *, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! 'tis just such an alteration in life, as if *Presto* should be banished from *MD*, and condemned to converse with Mrs. *Raymond*. I dined to-day with *Ford*, fir *Richard Levinge*, &c. at a place where they board, hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and 'tis late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen *Will Frankland's* child; and

* She was then at *Lynn* in *Norfolk*.

and lady *Falconbridge* was one of the god-mothers: this is a daughter of *Oliver Cromwel*, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to-bed. My business in the city was to thank *Stratford* for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found *Bank Stock* was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in *Ireland*; and so I writ to Mr. *Stratford* in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in *Bank Stock*, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I shewed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things; and they said, money was so hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me. However, *Stratford*, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it costs one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten shillings, so that three hundred pounds costs me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds

pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother, to desire that lady *Giffard* would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security: and if *Rathburn* (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct *Parvisol* accordingly: however, he shall wait on you, and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaaft twelvve o'clock. I must only add, that after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little *Presto* leave to have a fire in his chamber, morning and evening too, and he'll do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor lost his senses like *Will Crowe*? I forgot to tell *Dingley*, that I was yesterday at *Ludgate*, bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with
Mrs.

Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, and came gravely home, after just visiting the *Coffee-house*. Sir *Richard Cox*, they say, is sure of going over lord chancellor, who is as errant a puppy as ever eat bread: but the duke of *Ormond* has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary *St. John*, sir *Thomas Hanmer*, sir chancellor *Cox-comb*, &c. I attended the duke of *Ormond*, with about fifty other *Irish* gentlemen, at *Skinners-hall*, where the *Londonderry Society* laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables, with the desert laid in mighty figure. Sir *Richard Levinge* * and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at *Ludgate* for *Dingley's* glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without *Stella's* per-

* Speaker of the house of commons, and lord chief justice of the queen's bench, in *Ireland*.

permission ; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? 'Tis not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrahs, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. *Manley*, who invited Mr. *Addison* and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. *Addison*, and loitered till nine in the *Coffee-house*, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for *Trounce*; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from *MD* before I close up this? Mr. *Addison* and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to *Lewis* at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr. *Harley*, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of minding him of it, and raillied him, &c. which
he

he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and *Stratford*, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I staid late drinking claret and burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with *Lewis* and *Prior* at an eating-house, but with *Lewis's* wine. *Lewis* went away, and *Prior* and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopt me in the *Pall-mall*, and asked my advice; said he had been to see the queen (who was just come to town) and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at *Court*, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c. and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get

rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to go and wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required dispatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for, besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor lord *Mountjoy*, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffee-man *Elliot's* child, where the rogue had a most noble supper, and *Steele* and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and can't stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir *Andrew Fountain* at his lodging, and then came home: a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. *Harley*, with whom I dined; and secretary *St. John*, &c. and *Harley* promised in a very few days to finish what remains of
my

my business. *Prior* was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw *Stella's* mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady *Giffard* to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the bishop of *Clogher*, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security; and it may be argued, that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she'll second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady *Giffard* has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say, with a *vengeance*. She told lady *Giffard* she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tyger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary *St. John*; and lord *Dartmouth*, who is t'other secretary, dined with us, and lord * *Orrery* and *Prior*, &c. *Harley* called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the *Coffee-house*, and looked

H 2

where

* *Charles Boyle*, the inventor of the famous *Orrery*, which shews the system of all the planets.

where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. *Presto*: at last I saw a letter to Mr. *Addison*, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in *Dingley's* hand, and t'other in *Stella's*, and the third in *Domville's*. Well, so you shall hear; So, said I to myself, what now, two letters from *MD* together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened t'other; and so you shall hear, one was from *Walls*. Well, but t'other was from own dear *MD*; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already; then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith.—Well, I won't answer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well; but as to *Walls*, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. *Pratt's* losing his place: and while *Pratt* continues, *Clements* is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord *Hyde* he speaks of for *Pratt* and twenty others; but, if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands,
and,

and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your fixth I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of *Clogher* again. Shall I fend this to-morrow? Well, I will to oblige *MD*. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives; and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess. Ahhh, firrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. *Fenton* know, that the request she has made me in her letter, I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. *Cox* is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with lord *Peterborough*, at his house, with *Prior*, *Lewis*, and Dr. *Freind*. 'Tis the ramblinest lying rogue on earth. Dr. *Raymond* is come to town: 'tis late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: *Ned Southwell* told me t'other day, he had a letter from the bishops of *Ireland*, with an ad-

dress to the duke of *Ormond*, to intercede with the queen, to take off the *First Fruits*. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of *Kildare*, to call upon me for the papers, &c. and I had last post one from the archbishop of *Dublin*, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant, they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by t'other party, &c. but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. *Harley*, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. *Harley* ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the *First-Fruits*; and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state. So while their letter was on the road to the duke of *Ormond* and *Southwell*, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and shewed my resentments, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder

wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell *Southwell* so, that the queen had done it, &c. for he said, my lord duke would think of it some months hence, when he was going for *Ireland*; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. *Harley* prevailed on the queen to do it, &c. as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. *Harley* had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax-candles and a band-box full of small plumb-cakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c. but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I'll tell you my reward: Mr. *Harley* will think he has done me a favour; the duke of *Ormond*, perhaps, that I have put a

neglect on him ; and the bishops in *Ireland*, that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know : and so you shall hear no more of *First-Fruits*, dukes, *Harleys*, archbishops, and *Southwells*.

I have slipt off *Raymond* upon some of his countrymen to shew him the town, &c. and I lend him *Patrick*. He desires to sit with me in the evenings ; upon which I have given *Patrick* positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

L E T-

L E T T E R X.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I'LL tell you something that's plaguy silly: I had forgot to say on the 23^d in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the filliness of it made me cry, Pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the *Parliament* meet; but only saw a great crowd: and *Ford* and I went to see the tombs at *Westminster*, and fauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. *Bromley* is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente*: Do you understand those two words? And *Pompey*, colonel *Hill's Black*, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to *Patrick* to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I don't know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I don't know whether it will grow better or worse. What's that to you? I won't answer your letter to-night. I'll keep you a little longer in suspense: I can't send it. Your mother's cakes are very good,
and

and one of them serves me for a breakfast, and so I'll go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and staid within all this day in my night-gown, and dined on fix-penny worth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr. *Raymond* called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, How *Patrick* denied me, and whether he had the art of it? So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him; otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me five pence, and smoakt his pipe; and 'tis now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your seventh to me is somewhere in a post-boy's bag; and so go to your gang of deans, and *Stoytes*, and *Walls*, and lose your money; go, sauce-boxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. Oh, but your box was sent to Dr. *Hawkshaw* by *Sterne*, and you will have it with *Hawkshaw*, and spectacles, &c. &c.

27. To-day Mr. *Harley* met me, in the court of requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself;
he

he would tell the duke of *Ormond* the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent, ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last how they sent an address to the duke of *Ormond*, and a letter to *Southwell*, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over, but they had not received my letter, though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there's an end of that; and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled; and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love *Ireland* less than I did.

28. Lord *Halifax* sent to invite me to dinner, where I staid till six, and crost him in all his *Whig* talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a *Whig*. I had a letter to-day from the bishop of *Clogher*; but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the duke of *Ormond*. He says I bid him read the *London Shaver*, and that you both swore it was *Shaver* and not *Shower*. You all lie, and you are puppies, and can't read *Presto's* hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the *Tatlers*.—I have

have other things to mind, and of much greater importance *, else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than *Irish* bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter: let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with *Ford*, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve; so good night. I can't write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. *Barton* alone; and sauntered at the *Coffee-house* till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I'll answer your letter, sauce-box. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I'll begin. Well then, don't be so tedious, Mr. *Presto*; what can you say to *MD's* letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles — Why, I say I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within, that's by the bye.) Sure you don't deceive me, *Stella*, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. *Raymond* told me yesterday, that

* He was writing the *Examiner* at this time.

that *Smyth* of the *Blind-quay* had been telling Mr. *Leigh*, that he left you extremely ill; and in short, spoke so, that he almost put poor *Leigh* into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw *Smyth* in the city above a fortnight ago, as I past by in a coach. Pray, pray, don't write, *Stella*, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I'll tell you what; you, mistress *Stella*, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes *Dingley* all together, and then *Stella* a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers *Preslo*; and then conclude with something handsome and geenteel, as your most humblecumdumble, or, &c. O Lord, does *Patrick* write word of my not coming till *spring*? Insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my lord *Mayor* said, No; if I thought my shirt knew, &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret) and soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer: for I hope the *First-Fruit* business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult

difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others; but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the publick; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor? Why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot *. Ploughing? A pox plough them? they'll plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay you the second so soon? Pray be good hufwives.—Aye, well, and *Joe*; why I had a letter lately from *Joe*, desiring I would take some care of their poor town †, who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. *Raymond* would return answer; That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that

* To make this intelligible, it is necessary to observe, that the words *this fortnight*, in the preceding sentence, were first written in what he calls their little language, and afterwards scratched out and written plain. It must be confessed this little language, which passed current between *Swift* and *Stella*, has occasioned infinite trouble in the revisal of these papers.

† *Trim*.

that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatever personal kindness I could do to *Joe*, should be done. Pray, when you happen to see *Joe*, tell him this, lest *Raymond* should have blundered or forgotten.—Poor Mrs. *Wesley*—Why these polygies * for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until *Stella* is quite well?—So, here is mistress *Stella* again with her two eggs, &c. My *Shower* admired with You; why, the bishop of *Clogher* says, he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the *Shower*. I suppose he means *The Morning*; but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does *MD* like it? and do they taste it *all*? &c†. I am glad dean *Bolton* has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of *Clogher* for writing to the archbishop of *Cashel*, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a —; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I'll break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. *Barton*. Unlucky fluttikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break

* So written for apologies.

† He certainly means the ridicule of *triplets* in particular.

break them or no *, and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs. *Walls*, does *Stella* win as she pretends? No indeed, *doctor*, she loses always, and will play so *ventersomely*, how can she win? See here now; an't you an impudent lying slut? Do, open *Domville's* letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *Madam Stella your humble Servant* †. O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I'll tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or three lines now; 'tis but just seeing enough to go straight.—Now, madam *Dingley*, I think I bid you tell Mr. *Walls*, that in case there be occasion, I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new *Parliament*; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the *Tatlers*. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the *Shilling*.
Faith,

* This jest is lost, whatever it was, for want of *MD's* letter.

† Here he writ with his eyes shut, and the writing is somewhat crooked, although as well in other respects as if his eyes had been open.

Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I'll tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day *, and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little *Presto's* birth-day; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do you rogues. Do you like *Sid Hammet's Rod*? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I'll lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish *Smyth* were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor *Stella*, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pshoh, 'tis foolish: I'll rise and divert myself; so good morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of *Clogher's* letter is dated Nov. 21. He says, you thought of going with him to *Clogher*. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and *Dingley* go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morning to visit Mr. *Pratt*, who is come over with poor sick lord *Shelburn*; they made me dine

Vol. XVII. I with

* St. Andrew's day.

with them, and there I staid, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord *Shelburn's* giddiness is turned into a cholick, and he looks miserably.

2. *Steele*, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world: he said something in a *Tatler*, that we ought to use the word *Great Britain*, and not *England*, in common conversation, as *The finest lady in Great Britain, &c.* Upon this, *Rowe*, *Prior*, and I sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the first letters of all our names. *Congreve* told me to-day, he smoakt it immediately. *Congreve* and I and fir *Charles Wager*, dined to-day at *Delaval's*, the *Portugal* envoy; and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog *Patrick* is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith I can't nor won't read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I'll leave you till I am got to-bed, and then I'll say a word or two.—Well, 'tis now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since,

since, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I'll assure you) and now I am got to-bed. Well, and what have you to say to *Presto* now he is a-bed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, 'tis a lie, I an't sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, *Stella*.. No, faith, not I, he'll grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made *Delaval* promise to send me some *Brazil* tobacco from *Portugal* for you, madam *Dingley*. I hope you'll have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to these dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying, and a true one, Be you lords, or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls. I was to-day at *Court*, and saw *Raymond* among the *Beef-eaters*, staying to see the queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to *Court* again, to pick up a dinner, as I did with sir *John Stanley*, and then we went to visit lord *Mountjoy*, and just now left him, and 'tis near

eleven at night, young women, and me-thinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and 'tis but eight days since the date, and don't think I'll write on t'other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. Oh, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c. Two sides in a sheet, and one in a street. I think that's but a silly old saying, and so I'll go to sleep, and do you so to.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, and then came home and studied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requests (we have had the devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner; and *Henley* made me go dine with him and one colonel *Brag* at a tavern, cost me money, faith. *Congreve* was to be there, but came not. I came with *Henley* to the *Coffee-house*, where lord *Salisbury* seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog *Henley* asked me aloud, whether I would go to see lord *Somers*, as I had promised (which was a lie) and all to vex poor lord *Salisbury*, who is a high *Tory*. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have

have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. T'other day I saw *Jack Temple* in the court of requests: it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatick * aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. *Harley's*, lord *Rochester's*, and other *Tory* healths? Let me know; it was confidently said here.—The scoundrels! It shan't do, *Tom*.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: hearkee, young women, tell me that. *Saturday* next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. *Congreve* and *Delaval* have at last prevailed on sir *Godfrey Kneller* to intreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall fit.—It is such monstrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary *St. John* sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow: so I peaceably sat with my neighbour *Ford*, dined with him, and came home at six,

I 3

and

* The aldermen of *Dublin* were fanatical in those days; but for these eight or ten years past, the protestant party have so far prevailed, that they have kept out fanaticks of all denominations, and seem determined never to admit one more into their body.

and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from *MD*, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, firrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings. O fye, O fye.

7. No, I won't send this letter to-day, not till *Saturday*, faith; and I'm so afraid of one from *MD* between this and that: if it comes, I'll just say I received a letter, and that's all. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, where were lord *Anglesea*, sir *Thomas Hanmer*, *Prior*, *Freind*, &c. and then made a debauch after nine at *Prior's* house, and have eaten cold pye, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I don't like it, and I'll go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. *Harley* and *Prior*; but Mr. *St. John* did not come though he promised: he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here's a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord *Whar-*
ton,

ton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well; but the facts indifferent. It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at *Newcastle*. I begged Mr. *Harley* for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the *Baltick* to pass their quarantaine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you're a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I won't answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here that three of your commissioners will be turned out, *Ogle*, *South*, and *St. Quintain*, and that *Dick Stuart* and *Ludlow* will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; 'tis poor lord *Abercorn*, but that is a secret, I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune.

I dined with him to-day. I am heartily
 sorry you don't go to *Clogher*, faith, I am;
 and so God Almighty protect poor dear,
 dear, dear, dearest *MD*. Farewel till to-
 night. I'll begin my eleventh to-night; so
 I am always writing to little *MD*.

L E T.

L E T T E R XI.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

SO, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your seventh (faith I'm afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month.) Well, I told you I dined with lord *Abercorn* to-day, and that's enough till bye and bye; for I must go write idle things, and twittle twattle, What's here to do with your little *MD's*? and so I put this by for a while.—'Tis now late, and I can only say *MD's* a dear faucy rogue, and what then? *Presto* loves them the better.

10. This son of a b— *Patrick* is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: 'tis now six o'clock, and I come home after a pure walk in the *Park*; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast away, and young *Beau Swift* in it, and general *Sankey*: I know not the truth; you will before me. *Raymond* talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to *Ireland*, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to-bed here. I think
he

he is in the right; but perhaps this packet-boat will frighten him. He has no relish for *London*; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some *Templars* from *Ireland* that shew him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning.—So, now the puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauceboxes till I go to bed; for I must go study, firrahs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of *Clogher* he shall not cheat me of one inch of my *Bell-metal*. You know it is nothing but to save the town money; and *Enniskilling* can afford it better than *Laracor*: he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c. as usual, and am now going to bed; and I find this day's article is long enough: so get you gone till to-morrow and then. I dined with fir *Matthew Dudley*.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I'll go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at *Newcastle*. I have no news to-day: I
dined

dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady *Abercorn* is to buy me another, to see who does best: mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of *Richmond* yesterday at *Court* again; but would not speak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening, like wild-fire: Have you so much rain in your town? *Raymond* was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this shipwreck; but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with sir *Robert Raymond*, the solicitor general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness, by being recommended to your new lord chancellor.—I had a letter from Mrs. *Long*, that has quite turned my stomach against her: no less than two nasty jests in it with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town * with vile conversation.—I won't answer your letter till I have leisure: so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy *Presto*?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with *Lewis*, and in came lord *Rivers*, who took *Lewis* out and whispered him; and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c. so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with *Phil*.

Savage

* *Lynn-Regis*.

Savage *, and his *Irish Club*, at their boarding place; and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. *Addison* and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his *Parliament* † and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir *Matthew Dudley* turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets: Was not it an odd event? But what care you; but then I knew the butler.—Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it. But when must I answer this letter of our *MD's*? Here it is, it lies between this paper on t'other side the leaf: one of these odd come-shortly's I'll consider, and so good night.

13. Morning. I am to go traping with lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* to see fights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havock making in the army: *Meredyth*, *Macartney*, and colonel *Honeywood*, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking Destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick, and calling it *Harley*; then drinking a glass with
one

* Chancellor of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland*.

† i. e. His attendance in parliament.

one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin, wishing it were *Harley* himself; and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as enflaming their soldiers, and foreign ministers, against the late changes at *Court*. * *Cadogan* has had a little paring: his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy; but I hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time, with writing to them in the morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away, and so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word for your life. How nowww? So, very well; stay till I come home, and then, perhaps you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I can't be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I'd have you send for *Walls*, and go to the dean's; but don't play small games when you lose. You'll be ruined by *Manilio*, *Basto*, the *Queen*, and two small *Trumps* in red. I confess 'tis a good hand against the player: but then there are *Spadilio*, *Punto*, the *King*, strong *Trumps* against

* Soon after the accession of king *George I.* he was made a peer of *Great Britain*, and a knight of the thistle; and upon the death of *John* duke of *Marlborough*, captain general of the forces in *Great Britain*, and master of the ordnance.

against you, which, with one *Trump* more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your *Manilio*—Oh, silly, how I prate and can't get away from this *MD* in the morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, *Patrick* locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, firrahs.—At night. Lady *Kerry*, Mrs. *Pratt*, Mrs. *Cadogan*, and I, in one coach; lady *Kerry*'s son and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids and misses, and little master (lord *Shelburn*'s children) in a third, all hackneys, set out at ten o'clock this morning from lord *Shelburn*'s house in *Piccadilly* to the *Tower*, and saw all the fights, lions, &c. then to *Bedlam*; then dined at the *Chop-house* behind the *Exchange*; then to *Gresham College* (but the keeper was not at home) and concluded the night at the *Puppet-Shew*, whence we came home safe at eight, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it? undrest; and it was the rainiest day that ever dript; and I'm weary, and 'tis now past eleven.

14. Stay, I'll answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. *MD* this morning fresh and fasting? Who dares think *MD* negligent?

negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear *Stella*, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and keckt at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—Oh then, you kept *Presto's* little *Birch-day*: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Ridiculous, madam; I suppose you mean Ridiculous: let me have no more of that; 'tis the author of the * *Atalantis's* spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can *Stella* read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I'm afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty *Stella*.—"Tis well enough what you observe, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; 'tis an alphabet you are used to: you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so, and so.—I'll swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a *Gasconade* of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of *Clogher*, how he forgot. Turn over †.

I had

* Mrs. *Manley* was the writer of these papers, as also of many novels.

† He seems to have written these words in a whim, for the sake of what follows.

I had not room on t'other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy, that's a good *Irish* blunder. Ah, why don't you go down to *Clogher*, nautinautinautideargirls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But, seriously, I am sorry you don't go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make *Parvisol* get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours: pry-thee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart akes when I think you ride him. Order *Parvisol* to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamt five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he can't sell him, let him run this *Winter*. Faith, if I was near you, I would whip your — to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and *Jonsonibus*; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? Very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the *Tatler* of the *Shilling* was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them, I would do it no more.

This

This is a secret though, madam *Stella*. You win eight shillings; you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women.—I hope *Manley* is in no great danger; for *Ned Southwell* is his friend, and so is sir *Thomas Frankland*; and his brother *John Manley* stands up heartily for him. On t'other side, all the gentlemen of *Ireland* here are furiously against him. Now, mistress *Dingley*, an't you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from *Presto*, when you confess yourself, that you had so lately two letters in four days? Unreasonable baggage! No, little *Dingley*, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let every body know, upon occasion, that Mr. *Harley* got the *First-Fruits* from the queen for the clergy of *Ireland*, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at *Stoyte's*, and Mrs. *Stoyte* was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture.—But, what now, you saucy sluts, all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: don't think I'll squander mornings upon you, pray good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the morning, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and

be in awe. Good-morrow, firrahs, I will rise.—At night. I went to-day to the court of requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. *Harley*: but lord *Dupplin*, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite. Lord *Rivers* told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come *Sunday* fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me, that his father, sir *Harry St. John*, and lord *Rivers*, were to be at *St. James's* church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. *Harley* and *St. John* are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. *St. John*, “you shall not be excused:” however, I hope they will forget it; for if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily baulked; for I shall preach plain honest stuff.

stuff*. I staid with *St. John* till eight, and then came home, and *Patrick* desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. *Addison* and *Sam Dopping*, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If *Patrick* had been at home I should have scaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. *Harley's* porter.— Where did I leave off in *MD's* letter: let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, madam *Dingley*, that those that go for *England*, can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon *Presto*, madam? Sauceboxes, I'll come back as soon as I can, as hope saved, and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope *Hawkshaw* is in *Dublin* before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles: if you do not, you shall have better. I hope *Dingley's* tobacco did not spoil *Stella's* chocolate, and that all is safe: pray let me know. Mr. *Addison* and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he cannot bear

K 2

seeing

* The ministry never could prevail upon the doctor to preach before the queen.

seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Huffy, *Stella*, you jest about poor *Congreve's* eyes; you do so, huffy; but I'll bang your bones, faith.—Yes, *Steele* was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since.—Pox on your convocations, and your *Lamberts*; they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your *Irish* folks would not like my *Shower*; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it) but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would say; but I am so tosted with supper and stuff that I can't express myself—What you say of *Sid Hamet* is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell *Griffith* that you fancied there was something in it of my manner; but first spur up his commendation up to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sponce that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. *Fenton*, to save her postage, and

and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it, if you han't.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, firrahs? I dined to-day with *Lewis* and *Ford*, whom I have brought acquainted. *Lewis* told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. *Harley* to save *Steele* his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same things to *Lewis*, who is Mr. *Harley*'s chief favourite. *Lewis* tells Mr. *Harley* how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to *Steele*, &c. Mr. *Harley*, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints *Steele* a time to let him attend him, which *Steele* accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, fullness, insolence, or rancor of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe *Addison* hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at *Geneva*; and I'll do it if I can, it is poor *Pastoral Philips*.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at t'other lodgings; forgot it? Well; but pray remember it now, and don't roll it up, d'ye hear, but hang it carefully

in some part of your room, where chairs and candles, and mop-sticks won't spoil it, firrahs. No, truly, I will not be god-father to goody *Walls* this bout, and I hope she'll have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. *Harley* gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue *, and that *Ingoldsfy* reprieved that

* An equestrian statue of king *William* the III^d, in *College-green, Dublin*. It was common in the days of party, for wild young students of the university of *Dublin* to play several tricks with this statue. Sometimes, in their frolicks, they would set a maukin behind the effigies of the king; sometimes dress up the horse and rider with boughs and sheaves of straw; but their great crime was that of taking the truncheon out of the king's hand, and thereby leaving the poor statue defenceless. For these and the like freaks, many young gentlemen were in former days expelled the university. But, in after-times, there was ample amends made to the statue for these affronts; if wheeling round its pedestal with all gravity and solemnity, then alighting from coaches, falling down upon the knees, and drinking to the glorious and immortal memory of the dead, with eyes lifted up to the statue, could express the gratitude and devotion of its adorers. It is said, that what originally gave the students offence, was the site of the statue; the front of it being directed to the city, and the back diametrically opposite to the great and beautiful entrance of the college; which is certainly a great deformity; and besides, it causes so very awkward an interruption in the passage to the university, and is generally so bedaubed

that part of it of standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your *Broderick* out; *Doyne* is to succeed him, and *Cox Doyne*. And so there's an end of your letter; 'tis all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock; go on did I say? Why, I have written enough; but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith I dare not use you to it, you'll always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I'll rise; for this morning.—At night. I dined with my opposite neighbour, *Darteneuf*, and I was soliciting this day, to present the bishop of *Clogher Vice Chancellor* *, but it won't do; they are all set against him, and the duke of *Ormond*, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little faucy rogues, don't stay out too late to-night, because it is *Saturday* night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to *Court* to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the *Court* was thin, and I went to the *Coffee-house*; and sir *Thomas Frankland*, and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son *William*. I talked a

K 4

great

daubed with dirt, that every man of taste would be glad it were removed to the *Barracks*, or some other place, where it might shew to advantage.

* Of the university of *Dublin*.

great deal to fir *Thomas* about *Manley*, and find he is his good friend, and so has *Ned Southwell* been, and I hope he will be safe, though all the *Irish* folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at *St. James's Church*, an abundance went, among the rest lord *Radnor*, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from *Hatton-garden* at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. *Raymond* called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty *MD*.

18. You will now have short days works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. *Harley* to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. *Cockburn*, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by *Dopping* and *Ford*, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let *Raymond* come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer

longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy *MD* good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the duke of *Buckingham*; but came too late; then I visited Mrs. *Barton*, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord *Shelburn*, for the death of poor lady *Shelburn* dowager; he was at his country-house; and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the bishop of *Clogher*, with one inclosed to the duke of *Ormond*, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from *Parvisol*; however, it is no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice chancellorship to the archbishop of *Tuam* *, and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly you know in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I writ this while *Patrick* is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelve-pence a week) and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then

* Dr. *Vesey*.

then sit down by me a little, and we'll talk a few words more. Well; now *MD* is at my bed-side; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. *Stoyte*? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs. *Walls* win? Poor lady *Shelburn*: well, go get you to bed, firrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candle-light, and write this by the fire-side. Poor *Raymond* just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of *London*. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he goes to *Bristol*, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of of staying till *May*; so she must be brought to-bed in *England*. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save *Patrick* some lies in the week; *Patrick* is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, firrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence? Stay till night, And then I'll write In black and white, By candle-light Of wax so bright, It helps the sight, A bite a bite—Marry come up, mistress Boldface.—At night. Dr. *Raymond* came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the
court

court of requests, thinking to find Mr. *Harley* and dine with him, and refused *Henley*, and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met *Jemmy Leigh* by chance, and he was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodging on a beef-steak, and drank your health, then left him and went to the tavern with *Ben Tooke* and *Portlack*, the duke of *Ormond*'s secretary, drinking nasty white-wine till eleven. I am sick, and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast *Ferris*, lord *Berkeley*'s steward formerly; I walked with him a turn in the *Park*, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at *Hammer-smith*. See your confounded sect.—Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. *Harley*; 'twas a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with *Stratford* at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as *Ferris*, I mean honest colonel *Caulfield*, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on *Saturday*, and so; but first I'll wish you a merry *Christmas* and a happy *New-Year*, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. *Harley's Levee* on purpose to vex him; I'll say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. *Patrick* says, it is a dark morning, and that the duke of *Argyle* is to be knighted to-day, the booby means installed at *Windsor*. But I must rise, for this is a shaving day, and *Patrick* says, there is a good fire; I wish *MD* were by it, or I by *MD's*.—At night. I forgot to tell you, madam *Dingley*, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case; I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me, pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? *Leigh* says, he sent the petticoat by one Mr. *Spen-ter*. Pray have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home along with me; I thought the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to commend him to every body.—At night. I went to Mr. *Harley's Levee*; he came and asked me what I had to do there, and bid me

me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter; at five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. *Harley*, he had formerly presented me to sir *Simon Harcourt*, but now must to my lord keeper, so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the *Coffee-house*; I'll send and see by and bye; and let you know, and so and so. *Patrick* goes to see for a letter: what will you lay, Is there one from *MD* or no? No, I say; done for six-pence. Why has the dean never once written to me? I won six-pence; I won six-pence; there's not one letter to *Presto*. Good morrow, dear fir-rah's: *Stratford* and I dine to-day with lord *Mountjoy*. God Almighty preserve and bless you; farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord *Mountjoy's*; and am come to study; our news from *Spain* this post takes off some of our fears. The *Parliament* is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather till after the *Holidays*. Bank stock is 105, so I may get 12*l.* for my bargain already. *Patrick* the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good night little dears both, and be happy, and remember poor *Presto*, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls,

girls, and don't keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we'll talk of that some other time*. Good night again, and God bless dear *MD* with his best blessings, yes, yes, and *Dingley* and *Stella* and me too, &c. *

Ask the bishop of *Clogher* about the pun I sent him of lord *Starwell's* brother; 'twill be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, besides all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There's a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. *Fenton*, who says you were with her; I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in lady *Giffard's* hands.

They say you have had eight pacquets due to you; so pray, madams, don't blame *Presto*, but the *Wind*.

My humble service to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoyte*; I missed the former a good while.

* Writing the *Examiner*.

LETTER X.

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I Have sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin my dozenth, and I told you I dined with *Stratford* at lord *Mountjoy's*, and I'll tell you no more at present, guess why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty *First-Fruits*: I let them alone till Mr. *Harley* gets the queen's letter, but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and don't say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I'll take you along, and talk with you a little while, so there, sit there.—Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was any thing you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and
make

made us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, d'ye hear, little dear firrahs, and love *Presto* as *Presto* loves *MD*, &c.

24. You will have a merrier *Christmas-Eve* than we here. I went up to *Court* before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course asked me how the ladies did. I asked what ladies? He said, Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnson*: Very well, said I, when I heard from them last: and pray when came you from thence, sir? he said, I never was in *Ireland*; and just at that word lord *Winchelsea* comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him, it was *Vedau* with a pox: I then went and made my apologies that my head was full of something I had to say to lord *Winchelsea*, &c. and asked after his wife, and so all was well, and he enquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in *Ireland*, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church

church I went up to *Court* again, where fir *Edmond Bacon* told me the bad news from *Spain*, which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the *Court* changed so in two hours. Lady *Mountjoy* carried me home to dinner, where I staid not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your *MDs* in bed, that's a maxim. Mr. *White* and Mr. *Red*, Write to *MD* when abed; Mr. *Black* and Mr. *Brown*, Write to *MD* when you're down; Mr. *Oak* and Mr. *Willow*, Write to *MD* on your pillow. — What's this? faith I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand fi—ks in it. I think to leave it on *Thursday*, and lodge over the way: faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger, stay — I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtain, and that's all, though I cannot smoak it. *Presto's* plaguy silly to-night, an't he? Yes, and so he be. Aye, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I'll venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry *Christmas*, and many, many a one with poor *Presto* at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to *Court* at two, it was a *Collar-day*, that is, when the knights of the garter wear their collars; but the queen stay'd so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour *Ford*, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a *Collar-day* all over *England* in every house, at least where there is *Brawn*: that's very well.—I tell you a good pun: a fellow hard by pretends to cure *Agues*, and has set out a sign, and spells it *Egoes*; a gentleman and I observing it, said, How does that fellow pretend to cure *Agues*? I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by a *Spell*. That's admirable. And so you asked the bishop about that pun of lord *Stawell*'s brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and *Latin* ones too? Oh but you smoaked me, and did not ask the bishop. Oh but you are a fool, and you did. I met *Vedeau* again at *Court* to-day, and I observed he had a sword

sword on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commission, but I never asked him. *Vedeau* I think his name is, yet *Parvisol*'s man is *Vedel*, that's true. Bank stock will fall like stock-fish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got 12*l.* by my bargain; but I don't intend to sell, and in time it will rise. 'Tis odd that my lord *Peterborow* foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. *Harley*'s, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that * *Stanhope* would lose *Spain* before *Christmas*, that he would venture his head upon it, and gave us reasons; and though Mr. *Harley* argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my lord *Anglesea* this at Court this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my lord *Peterborow* affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, An ill tongue may do much. And 'tis an odd saying, Once I guess right, And I got credit by't; Thrice I guess wrong, And I kept my credit on. No, 'tis you are sorry, not I.

26. By the lord *Harry* I shall be undone here with *Christmas* boxes. The rogues at the *Coffee-houses* have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns to

L 2

great

* General of the *British* forces in *Spain*, afterwards created an earl by *George* I. April 7, 1718.

great mens porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer *. There is an intimacy between us, built upon reasons you shall know † when I see you; but the rain caught me within twelve-penny length of home. I called at Mr. *Harley's*, who was not within, dropt my half-crown with his porter, drove to the *Coffee-house*, whete the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbishop of *Dublin*, and Mr. *Bernage*; the latter sends me a melancholy account of lady *Shelburn's* death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning. I bespoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it; *Patrick* would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in *England*? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith I dreamt mightily of *MD* last night: but so confused

* *John Barber*, frequently mentioned in these works.

† He was printer of the *Examiner*, and of the *Atlantis*.

fused I can't tell a word. I have made *Ford* acquainted with *Lewis*, and to-day we dined together; in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a *Christmas* evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, That in merry times every body is abroad: where the deuce are they? So I went to the *Coffee-house*, and talked with Mr. *Addison* an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I can't answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and a true. Letters from *MDs* Must not be answered in ten days: 'tis but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To-day I had a message from sir *Thomas Hanmer* to dine with him, the famous Dr. *Smallridge* * was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in *St. Alban-street*, where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir *Andrew Fountain* has been very ill this week; and sent to me early this morning

L 3

* Afterwards bishop of *Bristol*.

morning to have prayers, which you know
 is the last thing. I found the doctors and
 all in despair about him. I read prayers to
 him, found he had settled all things; and
 when I came out, the nurse asked me, whe-
 ther I thought it possible he could live; for
 the doctors thought not. I said, I believed
 he would live; for I found the seeds of life
 in him, which I observe seldom fail; (and
 I found them in poor dearest *Stella*, when
 she was ill many years ago) and to-night I
 was with him again, and he was mightily
 recovered, and I hope he will do well, and
 the doctor approved my reasons; but if he
 should die, I should come off scurvily. The
 secretary of state (*Mr. St. John*) sent to me
 to dine with him; *Mr. Harley* and lord *Peter-
 borow* dined there too, and at night came
 lord *Rivers*. Lord *Peterborow* goes to *Vi-
 enna* in a day or two: he has promised to
 make me write to him. *Mr. Harley* went
 away at six, but we staid till seven. I took
 the secretary aside, and complained to him
 of *Mr. Harley*, that he had got the queen
 to grant the *First-Fruits*, promised to bring
 me to her, and get her letter to the bishops
 in *Ireland*; but the last part he had not done
 in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose
 reputation, &c. He took the matter right,
 desired me to be with him on *Sunday* morn-
 ing, and promises me to finish the affair in
 four

four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine of clock, and I must go study you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauce-boxes. Sir *Andrew Fountain*, they bring me word, is better. I'll go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed.—Night. Now sir *Andrew Fountain* is recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my *quondam* neighbour *Ford* (do you know what *quondam* is though?) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on *Opera* days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to *MD* these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God *MD* is so too. I wonder I never write politicks to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter *N. 8.* of *MD's*? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a *Monday* next. Cod's so, is it; and so it is: never saw the like.—I made a pun t'other day to *Ben. Portlack* about a pair.

of drawers. Poh, said he, that's mine a--
all over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go
sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slum-
ber, and put out my wax candle.

51. Morning. It is now seven, and I
have got a fire, but am writing a-bed in my
bed-chamber. 'Tis not shaving day, so I
shall be ready early to go before church to
Mr. St. John, and to-morrow I will answer
our MD's letter. Would you answer MD's
letter, On New-year's day you'll do it bet-
ter: For when the year with MD 'gins, It
without MD never lins. (These proverbs
have always old words in them; *lins* is leaves
off.) But if on New-year you write nones,
MD then will bang your bones. But Pa-
trick says I must rise. Night. I was early
this morning with secretary St. John, and
gave him a memorial to get the queen's let-
ter for the First-Fruits, who has promised
to do it in a few days. He told me had
been with the duke of Marlborough, who
was lamenting his former wrong steps in
joining with the Whigs, and said he was
worn out with age, fatigues, and misfor-
tunes. I swear it pityed me; and I really
think they will not do well in too much mor-
tifying that man, although indeed it is his
own fault. He is as covetous as Hell, and
ambitious as the Prince of it: he would fain
have been general for life, and has broken
all

all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smother the politicks to *MD*. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. *Harley*, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. *Harley* made me read a paper of verses of *Prior's*. I read them plain without any fine manner, and *Prior* swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world *, and that every body snatcht them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

Jan. 1.

* Although it be said in jest, there is some truth in this.

Jan. 1. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty *Dingley* and *Stella* a happy new-year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and *Fr*'s company. Faith, I did not know how to write *Fr*. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write *pfdr* *. *Patrick* wishes me a happy New-year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis cold. I was so politick last night with *MD*, never saw the like. Get the *Examiners*, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see sir *Andrew Fountain*; but perhaps to-night I may answer *MD*'s letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry New-year, Roast beef, minced pyes, and good strong beer, And me a share of your good cheer. That I was there, or you were here, And you're a little saucy dear.—Good morrow again, dear firrahs; one cannot rise for your play.—At night. I went this morning to visit lady *Kerry*, and lord *Shelburn*, and they made me dine with them. Sir *Andrew Fountain* is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of *MD*.

* *Preslo*.

MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it won't come out. Come out again, I say; so there. Here it is. What says *Presto* to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with *Presto*? madam *Stella*. You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth, when I receive your eighth. Don't you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? What say you to that? And so you kept *Presto's* little birth-day, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say *Amen* with all my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor *Presto* lives.

————— I can't be merry so near any splenetick talk; so I made that long line, and now all's well again. Yes, you are a pretending flut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your Journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true, I hate all wind, Before and behind, From cheeks

cheeks with eyes, or from blind—. Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that's a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Don't put such things upon us; those matters won't pass here: keep a little to possibilities. My lord * *Hertford* would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, 'tis hard to break one's self of it. *Jemmy Leigh* talks of going over; but *quando*? I don't know when he'll go. O, now you have got my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S——. Will nobody cut that *D——y's* throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly, being forced to appear as witness in *Court* about some squabble among their servants.—The bishop of *Clogher* shewed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say any thing. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publickly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author

* Son of the duke of *Somerſet*.

thor is must remain uncertain. Do you
 pretend to know, impudence? How durst
 you think so? Pox on your parliaments! the
 archbishop has told me of it; but
 we do not vouchsafe to know any thing
 of it here. No, no, no more giddiness yet;
 thank you, *Stella*, for asking after it; thank
 you, God Almighty bless you for your kind-
 ness to poor *Presto*. You write to lady *Gif-
 fard* and your mother upon what I advise
 when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad
 news will bring down stocks so low, that
 one might buy to great advantage. I design
 to venture going to see your mother some
 day when lady *Giffard* is abroad. Well,
 keep your *Ratburn* and stuff. I thought
 he was to pay in your money upon his
 houses to be flung down about the what
 d'ye call it.—Well, madam *Dingley*, I sent
 your inclosed to *Bristol*, but have not heard
 from *Raymond* since he went. Come, come,
 young women, I keep a good fire; it costs
 me twelve-pence a week, and I fear some-
 thing more; vex me, and I'll have one in my
 bed-chamber too. No, did not I tell you
 but just now, we have no high winds here.
 Have you forgot already?—Now you're at
 it again, silly *Stella*; why does your mother
 say, my candles are scandalous? They are
 good fixes in the pound, and she said, I was
 extravagant enough to burn them by day-
 light.

light. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? The D— burst *Hawkshaw*. He told me he had not the box, and the next day *Sterne* told me he had sent it a fortnight ago; *Patrick* could not find him t'other day, but he shall to-morrow: Dear life and heart, do you teaze me? does *Stella* teaze *Presto*? That palsy-water was in the box; it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. *Leigh* was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to * *Sterne*, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I'll never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teazes me; How could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? Sure I were a *Devil* if I did?—

See how far I am forced to stand from *Stella*, because I am afraid she thinks poor *Presto* has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to *Sterne*, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another

* *Enoch Sterne*, esq; clerk to the house of lords of Ireland, and collector of *Wicklow*.

ther velvet cap, a new one lord *Herbert* bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as I ever saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about *Tatlers*. I did neither write that on *Noses* nor *Religion*, nor do I send him of date any hints at all.—Indeed, *Stella*, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to *Sterne*, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray *Presbo*, pray now do.—No, *Raymond* was not above four times with me while he staid, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. * *Fenton* has written me another letter about some money of her's in lady *Giffard*'s hands, that is intrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let *Parvisol* sell the horse.

I think
 * Mrs. *Fenton* was sister to Dr. *Swift*.

I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him; but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why don't you do it?

I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr. *St. John*, and he told me from Mr. *Harley*, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the *First-Fruits*: it must pass through several offices, and takes up some time, because in things the queen gives they are always considerate; but that he assures me 'tis granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. *Sterne*, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at *Chester*, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and at six went to *Darteneuf's* house to drink punch with him, and Mr. *Addison*, and little *Harrison*, a young poet whose fortune I am making. *Steele* was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment. I staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. *Steele's* last *Tatler* came out to-day.

You

You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. *Addison* of it, who was surprized as much as I; but, to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I'll send this after * to-morrow: Shall I before 'tis full, *Dingley*?

3. Lord *Peterborow* yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talkt deep politicks: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the *Globe* in the *Strand*; he said he would shew me so clearly how to get *Spain*, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang-dogs, signing of deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to *Vienna*. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of *Spain*; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at fir *Andrew Fountain's*, who mends much. I came home, and please

VOL. XVII. M you

* *After* is interlined.

you, at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison I don't know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon; and then all I had been enquiring yesterday of sir *Andrew Fountain's* sickness I thought was of poor *Stella*. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? With all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight, but may be *MD* are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you come up to me with your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I'll seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post-office with my own fair hands. So, let me see whether I have any news to tell *MD*. They say, they will very soon make some enquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. * *Atterbury* we think is to be dean of *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*; but the *College* would rather have *Smallridge*.—What's all this to you? What care you for *Atterburys* and *Smallridges*?

No,

* Afterwards bishop of *Rochester*.

No, you care for nothing but *Presso*, faith. So I'll rise, and bid you farewell; yet I'm loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but *Dingley* will have it so: Yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipt paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I'll tell you a good thing I said to my lord *Carteret*. So, says he, my lord — came up to me, and asked me, &c. No, said I, my lord — never did, nor ever can *come up* to you. We pun here sometimes. Lord *Carteret* set down *Prior* t'other day in his chariot, and *Prior* thanked him for his *Charity*; that was fit for *Dilly* *. I don't remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. *Henley* is gone to the country for *Christmas*. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the *Coffee-house*, and asking after me, desired lord *Herbert* to tell me, I was a *Beast* for ever after the order of *Melchisedec*. Did you ever read the *Scripture*? It is only changing the word *Priest* to *Beast*.—I think I am be-

M 2

witched

* *Dillon Ashe*.

witched to write so much in a morning to you, little *MD*. Let me go; will you? and I'll come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I won't, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, don't smile at me, and say, Pray, pray, *Presto*, write a little more. Ah! your'e a wheedling flut, you be so. Nay, but prithee turn about, and let me go, do; 'tis a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning-candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I'm at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle, when I am up, to seal this; but I'll fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs *Stoyte*.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I can't see; but I'll fold it up, and not look on it again.

L E T-

L E T T E R XIII.

London, January 4, 1710-11.

I Was going into the city, (where I dined) and put my 12th, with my own fair hands, into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authorefs * and a printer †. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got to bed, and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the *First-Fruits*, and I told him lord *Peterborow* was set out on his journey to *Vienna*; but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about *Spanish* affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I writ to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. secretary *St. John* sent for me this morning so early that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. *Ford's*, and desired

M 3

him

* Mrs. *Manley*.† *John Barber*.

him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here's an impertinence: fir *Andrew Fountain's* mother and sister are come above a hundred miles from *Worcester* to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till fir *Andrew* was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and 'tis an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake: and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with *Ophy Butler* and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two and twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. *Walls* is brought to-bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I'll go to bed.

6. Morning.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire after *Patrick* was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to *Dingley*: it cost him six-pence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. *Patrick* advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; shewed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel, and he'll repent it. 'Tis very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room? I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, firrahs, do so.—At night. I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. *Prolocutor*, I think you call him, don't you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Aye, the same. A good pleasant man? Aye, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interests? As well as any body. How comes it *MD* and I don't meet there sometimes? A very good face and abundance of

wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! * whom do you mean? I mean Dr. *Atterbury*, dean of *Carlisle* and *Prolocutor*. Pshaw, *Presto*, you are a fool: I thought you had meant our dean of *St. Patrick's*.—Silly, filly, filly, both are filly, every kind of thing is filly. As I walked into the city, I was stopt with clusters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-shops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and spread with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to *Bateman's* the bookseller, and laid out eight and forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of *Lucian* in *French* for our *Stella*, and so and so. Then I went to † *Garraway's* to meet *Stratford* and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: so I dined with sir *Thomas Frankland* at the post-office, and we drank your *Manley's* health. It was in a news-paper that he was turned out; but secretary *St. John* told me it was false, only that news-writer is a plaguy *Tory*. I have not seen one bit of *Christmas* merriment.

7. Morning.

* Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, was not a married man, which seems to have been the cause of this surprize in *MD*.

† A coffee-house in *Exchange-alley*, *London*.

7. Morning. Your new lord chancellor * sets out to-morrow for *Ireland*: I never saw him. He carries over one *Trap* a parson as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to *Ireland*: I never saw *Trap* neither. I met *Tighe* and your *Smyth* of *Lovel's* yesterday by the *Exchange*. *Tighe* and I took no notice of each other; but I stopt *Smyth*, and told him of the box that lies for you at *Chester*, because he says he goes very soon to *Ireland*, I think this week: and I will send this morning to *Sterne*, to take measures with *Smyth*; so good morrow, firrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, No, no, indeed, *MD*, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and bye we shall talk more, so let me leave you softly down, little paper, till then; so there—now to business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I won't push you neither, but hand you on one side—So—Now I am got into bed, I'll talk with you. Mr. secretary *St. John* sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving, for fear of missing church. I went
to

* Sir *Constantine Phipps*.

to *Court*, which is of late always very full, and young *Manley* and I dined at fir *Matthew Dudley's*.—I must talk politicks. I protest I am afraid we shall be all embroiled with parties. The *Whigs*, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several *Virginia* ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the *parliament* may be chosen *Whig* or *Tory* as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of *Marlborough*. The country members * are violent to have past faults enquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion we have nothing to save us but a *Peace*, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the *Whigs* will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of *Marlborough*, who, as the *Whigs* give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dread;

* Those were afterwards called the *October Club*.

dread; and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Mean time, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts or upon their shoulders, like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers.—
 Pshaw, what's all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politicks to you much easier than to any body alive. But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at *Laracor* with dear charming *MD*, &c.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from *MD* (that word interlined is morning). I find I have been writing state affairs to *MD*. How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from *Presto* is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, *Presto*, I must tell you, you grow silly, says *Stella*. That's but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with
 Mr.

Mr. secretary *St. John* this morning; but I am lazy and won't go, because I had a letter from him yesterday to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid; but what care I?—Here has been Mrs. *South* with me, just come from fir *Andrew Fountain*, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up and in the house, so there's a lurry. I gave Mrs. *South* half a pistole for a New-year's gift. So good morrow, dears both, till anon.—At night, Lord, I have been with Mr. secretary from dinner till eight; and though I drank wine and water, I am so hot! Lady *Stanley* came to visit Mrs. *St. John*, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. *St. John*, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do; so at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty *MDs*, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day *Ford* and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made
me

me go to the tavern, and drink *Florence* four and six-pence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and 'tis now past ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that 'tis a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from *MD*, but if I have it time enough to answer here, 'tis well enough, otherwise wo betide you, faith; I'll go to the toyman's, here just in *Pall-mall*, and he sells great hugeous battoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, *Dingley*? Yes faith. Don't lose your money this *Christmas*.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. secretary *St. John*. I promised yesterday but failed, so can't write any more till night to poor dear *MD*.—At night. O faith, *Dingley*, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from *Raymond* at *Bristol*, with six bottles of wine and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about some things, that *Lucifer* could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with *Harley's* brother and fir *Robert Raymond*, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place

place on *Monday*, and *Raymond* says he is hastening to *Chester* to go with him.—I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for when he left *London* he had no thoughts of stirring till *Summer*. So I suppose he will be with you before this. *Ford* came and desired I would dine with him, because it was *Opera-day*, which I did, and sent excuses to lord *Shelburn*, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new *Tatler* *; little *Harrison*, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, shewing me his first, which comes out on *Saturday*. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. secretary *St. John's* and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. *Harrison* has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. *Harley*, whom I have not been with these ten days.

* The *Tatler*, by sir *Richard Steele* and others, made four volumes, and those wrote by Mr. *Harrison*, &c. made one, which was intituled, the fifth.

days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. *Harley* has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the *Whigs* will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady *Marlborough* offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The *Whigs* say the duke of *Marlborough* will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I were this minute with *MD* at *Dublin*; for I am weary of politicks that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord *Shelburn*, and to-day little *Harrison's* new *Tatler* came out: there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that upon *Steele's* leaving off, there were two or three scrub *Tatlers* came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against *Harrison's*;
and

and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I'll tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. *St. John* was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his *summer-house*, and a gentleman gave him these verses;

From business and the noisy world retir'd,
Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fir'd;
Gently I wait the call of *Charon's* boat,
Still drinking like a fish, and ——— like a
goat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I'll go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from *MD*; 'tis now nineteen days since I had the last: and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I'll hasten it, and away it goes on *Tuesday*, by
which

which time this side will be full. I'll send it two days sooner on purpose out of spight, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then 'tis too late, and I'll so laugh, never saw the like! 'Tis *Spring* with us already. I ate asparagus t'other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir *Andrew Fountain* lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. *Ford*; he sometimes chuses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the *Coffee-house*, where I had not been in a week, and talk'd coldly a while with Mr. *Addison*; all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks; t'other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend *Steele*.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a perriwig. I am undone! It was made by a *Leicester* lad, who married Mr. *Worrall's* daughter, where my mother lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and espe-

cially since he lives in the city. Well, *London* lick-penny: I find it true. I have given *Harrison* hints for another *Tatler* to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste: I doubt he won't do. I dined with my friend *Lewis* of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to *MD*, faith.—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day, since my last from *MD*. I have got Mr. *Harley* to promise, that whatever changes are made in the council, the bishop of *Clogher* shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and don't lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith I'll fend this letter to-day to shame you, if I han't one from *MD* before night, that's certain. Won't you grumble for want of the third side, pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time; when you be writing girls——O faith, I think I won't stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry

carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—*Patrick's* bills for coals and candles, &c. come sometimes to three shillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. *Ireland* will never be happy till you get small coal likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. *Stoyte* and *Walls*; has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor *Stella* forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with *Manley*, and lose your money, do extravagant fluttikin, but don't fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that's to-morrow. Farewel, dearest beloved *MD*, and love poor, poor *Presto*, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved.—It is the last fally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make *MD* and me easy; and I never desired more.—Farewel, &c. &c.

L E T T E R X I V .

London, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O Faith, young women, I have sent my letter N. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of *MD's*, there's for you now, and yet *Presto* ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next *Irish* post, except he sees *MD's* little hand writing in the glass-frame at the bar of *St. James's Coffee-house*, where *Presto* would never go but for that purpose. *Presto's* at home, God help him, every night from fix till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives *Presto* any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest *MD*. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes faith, and when I write to *MD*, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says, you, *Presto*, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer; *Ford* and I were visiting
Mr.

Mr. *Lewis*, and Mr. *Prior*, and *Prior* has given me a fine *Plautus*, and then *Ford* would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting fir *Andrew Fountain's* mother and sister, and fir *Andrew Fountain* is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making this morning some general visits, and at twelve I called at the *Coffee-house* for a letter from *MD*; so the man said, he had given it to *Patrick*; then I went to the court of requests and treasury, to find Mr. *Harley*, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I staid there till seven, then called at *Sterne's* and *Leigh's* to talk about your box, and to have it sent by *Smyth*; *Sterne* says, he has been making enquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at *Chester*, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little *Harrison* been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his *Tatler*, is a coxcomb; and yet see to how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is *Dryden Leach*; did you never hear of *Dryden Leach*, he that prints the *Post-man*? He acted *Oroonoko*, he's in love with Miss *Crosse*.—Well, so I

came home to read my letter from *Stella*, but the dog *Patrick* was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter; I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in *French*, and subscribed *Bernage*: faith I was ready to fling it at *Patrick*'s head. *Bernage* tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain, and your cautious answer. "*That he had as much power with me as you,*" was a notable one; if you were here I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. *Bernage* should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to *George Granville*, secretary at war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and don't trouble me with his letters, when I expect them from *MD*; do you hear, young women, write to *Preslo*.

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and we were to dine at Mr. *Harley*'s alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. *Harley*'s, and
thought

thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit, the company staid, and more came, and *Harley* went away at seven, and the secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for it; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor *Masbam*, who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; 'tis against something written very lately: and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at *Stoyte's*; to let that bungler beat you, fye, *Stella*, an't you ashamed? Well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kifs and be friends, firrah.—Come, let me go sleep, I go earlier to bed than formerly, and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour.

So good night my own little dear faucy insolent-rogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no * faith han't you. Well, when will this letter come from our *MD*? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old *Culpepper's* maxim. Would you have a settled head, You must early go to bed: I tell you and I tell't it again, You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit lady *Worsley*, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town; then I walked in the *Park* to find Mr. *Ford*, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the *Mall*, who should come towards me but *Patrick*, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I; of the second, Pshoh again; of the third, Pshah, Pshah, Pshah; of the fourth, A Gad, A Gad, A Gad, I'm in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hooqa; aye marry this is something, this is our *MD*, so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus; *Dear Presto*, We are even thus far. Now we

* In that word there were some puzzling characters.

we are even, quoth *Stephen*, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did not you recant at the end of your letter when you got my eleventh, tell me that huzzies base, were we even then, were we, firrah? But I won't answer your letter now, I'll keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and 'tis terrible cold. I dined with *Ford*, because it was his *Opera-day* and snowed, so I did not care to stir further. I'll send to-morrow to *Smyth*.

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, *Patrick*? Yes, sir; then I'll rise, come take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, *Patrick*, here take away the candle.—At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking, a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. 'Tis a good proverb
the

the *Devonshire* people have; Walk fast in snow, In frost walk slow, And still as you go, Tread on your toe: When frost and snow are both together, Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather. I dined to-day with Dr. *Cockburn*, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of *Scots* with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, Uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.—Don't you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn *Stella* out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry Uth, uth, uth? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, firrahs.—At night. I went this morning to lady *Giffard's* house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsey water, which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tyed up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. *Smyth*, who goes to-morrow for *Ireland*, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would enquire at *Chester* about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send *Patrick* in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. *Stratford* and I dined to-day with Mr. *Stratford* in the city, by appoint-

appointment; but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, And now I'm in bed To break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but 'tis not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter.—At night. O faith, I was just going to answer some of our *MD's* letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and staid an hour; so I rose, and then came in *Ben Tooke*, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. *Barton's*, and we went to lady *Worsley's*, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of *Berkeley* is going to be married to lady *Louisa Lenox*, the duke of *Richmond's* daughter. I writ this night to dean *Sterne*, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsey water by *Smyth*, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters fast enough, surely we shall have
your

your tenth *; and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.— And why did not *MD* go into the country with the bishop of *Clogher*? faith such a journey would have done you good; *Stella* should have rode, and *Dingley* gone in the coach. The bishop of *Kilmore* I know nothing of; he is old and may die; he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the *Whigs*, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except lord *Halifax*, and him very seldom; lord *Somers* never since the first visit, for he has been a false deceitful rascal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; altho' perhaps poor *MD* may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own.— Talk of a merry *Christmas* (why did you write it so then, young women? sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good luck; and your news, that Mr. *St. John* is going to *Holland*; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him.

* These are the words of *MD*.

him. So faith, politick madam *Stella*, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well madam *Dingley*, and so Mrs. *Stoyte* invites you, and so you stay at *Donnybrook* *, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from *Dec. 25*, to *Jan. 4th*. Well, *Smyth* and the palsey water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. *Jesse's*, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to *Stella's* mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tostitated, and so impatient, that *Stella* should have her water (I mean decently, don't be rogues) and so vexed with *Sterne's* carelessness.—Pray God *Stella's* illnesses may not return. If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered!—Impudent slut, when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the D—to answer my letters: sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answer-
ing

* About a mile from *Dublin*.

ing letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly. —As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. *Presto* is said to write it, hear my answer. Fye, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you. —I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. *Mary's* * so soon, you'll be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in *Summer*. Indeed, *Stella*, pippins produced plentifully; *Parvisol* could not fend from *Laracor*: there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether they were good for any thing. —Mrs. *Walls* at *Donnybrook* with you; why is not she brought to bed? Well, well, well, *Dingley*, pray be satisfied; you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniencies for the journey; and so he should. —What sort of *Christmas*? Why I have had no *Christmas* at all; and has it really been *Christmas* of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*, and let *Catherine* get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all

* MD's lodgings opposite to St. *Mary's* church in *Stofford-street*.

all will go well.—Mr. *Bernage*, Mr. *Bernage*, Mr. *Fiddlenage*, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the D— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen *Stella's* hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to *Spain*, go he must, or else sell, and I believe one can hardly sell in such a juncture. If he had staid, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, madam *Stella*, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you can't read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when *Stella's* eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever.—So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an
 answer;

answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again.—So good morrow, madams both, and I'll go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I don't know why.—

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I passed my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary *St. John* about some business; he had got a great *Whig* with him; a creature of the duke of *Marlborough*, who is a *Go-between* to make peace between the duke and the ministry; so he came out of his closet; and after a few words, desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. *Lewis* staid till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, tho' it be near ten, but I must rise.—

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days that I could not write to *MD*. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day,
and

and take drops of Dr. *Cockburn*, and I have just done a box of pills, and to-day lady *Kerry* sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with *MD*, I long for *Spring*, and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in *Ireland* keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy*, yesterday at Mr. *Stone's* in the city, on *Sunday* at *Vankomrigh's*, *Saturday* with *Ford*, and *Friday* I think at *Vankomrigh's*, and that's all the journal I can send *MD*, for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but 'tis ten, and I'll go to bed, and write on t'other side to *Parvisol* to-morrow, and send it on *Thursday*; and so good night my dears, and love *Presto*, and be healthy, and *Presto* will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, d'ye hear, firrahs, and give Mrs. *Brent* * hers, and keep yours till you see *Parvisol*, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity, and so God Al-

VOL. XVII. O mighty

* Was the widow of Mr. *Brent*, a printer in *Dublin*, with whom Dr. *Swift* lodged in his youthful days.

mighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor *Presto*.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these lines were another letter.

Dingley, pray pay *Stella* six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, *Presto*.

Stella, Pray pay *Dingley* six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, *Presto*.

There's bills of exchange for you.

L E T-

LETTER XV.

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I Am to send you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having some little disorders, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. secretary *St. John* about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to *MD*. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a half-penny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin *Grub-street*, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person; that was two of my businesses with the secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was *Ford's Birth-day*, and I refused the secretary and dined with *Ford*. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the *Canal* and *Rosamond's Pond* full of the rabble sliding and with skates, if you know what those are. *Patrick's* bird's water freezes in the gallypot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor lady *Kerry*, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our

ailments are the same; don't you know that, madam *Stella*? Han't I seen you conning ailments with *Joe's* wife *, and some others, firrah? I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk, for we must take care of *Presto's* health you know, because of poor little *MD*. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. *Ford* came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at *Bateman's* †; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a *Strabo* and *Aristophanes*, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right *French* wine at *Ben Tooke's* chamber; and when I had got home, Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her; I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. *Armstrong*, lady *Lucy's* sister,

* Mrs. *Beaumont*.

† A dealer in old books, who lived in *Little Britain, London*, who never would suffer any person whatever to look into one book in his shop; and when asked a reason for it, would say, I suppose you may be a physician or an author, and want some recipe or quotation; and if you buy it, I will engage it to be perfect before you leave me, but not after; as I have suffered by leaves being torn out, and the books returned, to my very great loss and prejudice.

sister, who, with *Moll Stanhope*, was visiting there: however I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady *Lucy's*, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy *Whigs*, especially the sister *Armstrong*, the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last *Examiner*, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry.—I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin, *Dryden Leach* the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that *Harrison* the new *Tatler* had turned him off, and taken the last *Tatler's* printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered *Patrick* to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from *Harrison*, telling me the same thing, and excusing his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his *Tatler* of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from *Morphew* and *Lilly* to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning *Ford* sent me two letters from the *Coffee-house* (where I hardly ever go) one from the archbishop of *Dublin*, and t'other from——who do you think t'other

was from? — I'll tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little *MD*, N. 10. Oh, but won't answer it now, no, nooooooh, I'll keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under; oh, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there; lie still, you shan't be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady *Kerry's* bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. *Addison's* and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks, we are grown common acquaintance; yet what have not I done for his friend *Steele*? Mr. *Harley* reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me he would be reconciled to *Steele*, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that *Steele* never came. *Harrison*, whom Mr. *Addison* recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented *Addison* himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. — Well; he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I had never had the least obligation to him, and there's another end. This even-

evening I had a message from Mr. *Harley*, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them.

—*Patrick* has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him *Friend* three or four times. But, firrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see *Prior*, who dines with me at Mr. *Harley's*; so I can't stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and 'tis still terribly cold.—I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I'd give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I'll rise, and bid you good morrow, my ladies both, good morrow. Come stand away, let me rise: *Patrick*, take away the candle. Is there a good fire? —So—up a-dazy.—At night. Mr. *Harley* did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth I will chuse to visit him in the evenings; and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the *Queen's Birth-day*, so much fine cloaths, and the *Court* so crowded, that I did not go there.

All the frost is gone. It thawed on *Sunday*, and so continues, yet ice is still on the *Canal* (I did not mean that of *Laracor*, but *St. James's Park*) and boys sliding on it. Mr. *Ford* pressed me to dine with him in his chamber,—Did not I tell you *Patrick* has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to *Dingley*? It was very tame at first, and 'tis now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our *MD's* letter? One of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no further yet. Mr. *Harley* desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends: and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. *Harley* had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired *Lewis* to go to him, and let him know I expect further satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I'll tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see

I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour; and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest; and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect further satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. *I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs.* Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries every thing now-a-days, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration above a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not have remembered it if I had not heard it so often. Why—
aye

aye—You must know I dreamt it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, firrahs? I met Mr. *Harley* in the court of requests, and he askt me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass-case at the *Coffee-house*, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. *Ford*, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind, I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little *MD's* writing-master*.—But come, what's here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow, Perhaps I'll answer your letter to-night, perhaps I won't; that's as saucy little *Presto* takes the humour.—At night. I walked in the *Park* to-day in spite of the weather, as I do always when it does not actually rain. Do you know what? It has gone and done; we had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a pot-lid, upon our snow. I dined with lady *Betty Germain*, the first time since I came for *England*; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough

* *Stella's* hand had a great deal of the air of the doctor's; but she writ more legible, and rather better.

enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bed-chamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious?—It has snowed all night, and rains this morning.—Come, where's *MD's* letter? Come, Mrs. *Letter*, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face.—Oh, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I'm so 'fraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from *Presto* reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. *Curry* at his house in *Capel-street*, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. *Raymond* in *Chester*, who says, he sent his man every where, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. *Smyth* will have better success. *Sterne* spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsey-water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of *Presto's* care. I am
negligent

negligent enough of every thing but *MD*, and I should not have trusted *Sterne*.—But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it.—As to what you say of goodman *Peasly* and *Isaac*, I answer as I did before. Fye, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterwards, only for curiosity, you may tell me how those things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but don't keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little *MD* walk, indeed?—I'm glad of it at heart.—Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell, is admirable. You may see them all three here every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I'll pay it, and never employ him or his again.—No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: no body doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools.—The account you give of
that

that weekly paper * agrees with us here. Mr. *Prior* was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it; but one of the last papers cleared him. No body knows who it is, but those few in the secret, I suppose the ministry and the printer.—Poor *Stella's* eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad day-light. How does *Stella* look, madam *Dingley*? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a croud? Will she make a figure in a country church? —Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent *Patrick* to *Sterne*: He brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. *Earl's* sister in *Chester*, and that colonel *Edgworth's* widow goes for *Ireland* on Monday next, and will receive the box at *Chester*, and deliver it to you safe: so there is some hopes now.—Well, let us go on to your letter.—The warrant is passed for the *First-Fruits*. The queen does not send a letter; but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. *Harley* of late has said nothing of presenting me to the queen:—I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me,

* The Examiner.

me, long before I dropt it to you. What, is not Mrs. *Walls*' business over yet? I had hopes she was up and well, and the child dead before this time.—You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from *Hawkshaw*; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that when I say so, *Stella* won't think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had staid till I came over, for some reasons. That *Frenchwoman* will be grumbling again in a little time, and if you are invited any where to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor *Stella*'s health; but do as you like, and don't blame *Presto*.—Oh, but you are telling your reasons.—Well, I have read them; do as you please.—Yes, *Raymond* says, he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. *M——* is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in *Spring*, and then goes to settle in *Herefordshire*. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see any body. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that

that ugly score in the paper * that made me mistake.——I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. *Bernage* must go to *Spain*, and I will see to recommend him to the duke of *Argyle*, his general, when I see the duke next: but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said four-score times already. I had rather any thing almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I'll write when I can, and so shall *MD*; and upon occasions extraordinary I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that's settled for ever, and so hold your tongue.—Well, you shall have your pins; but for candles ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what *Stella* told *Dingley* about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me.—And *Dingley* shall have her hinged spectacles.—Poor dear *Stella*, how durst you write

* A crease in the sheet.

write these two lines by candle light; bang your bones. Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that's too soon of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I don't design to use you to three pages in folio, no noooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and so good morrow, little firrahs; that's for the rhyme *. You want politicks: faith, I can't think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you?—At night. I dined to-day with my neighbour *Vanhomrigh*; it was such dismal weather, I could not stir further. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits. I still drink Dr. *Radcliffe's* bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of *Argyle*, in behalf of *Bernage*. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell *Bernage* so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him

go

* In the original it was, *good mollows, little sollahs*. But in these words, and many others, he writes constantly ll for rr.

go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in *Spain*; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? It not this a great deal?— I now send away this letter, that you may not stay.— I dined with *Ford* upon his *Opera-day*, and am now come home, and am going to study; don't you presume to guess, firrahs, impudent faucy dear boxes. Towards the end of a letter I could not say faucy boxes, without putting *dear* between. En't that right now? Farewel. *This should be longer, but that I send it to-night* *.

O filly, filly loggerhead!

I send a letter this post to one Mr. *Staunton*, and I direct it to Mr. *Acton's* in *St. Michael's-Lane*. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that *Acton*, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to *Staunton*.

If *Bernage* designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of *Argyle* may not be in vain.

* Those letters which are in *Italicks*, in the original are of a monstrous size, which occasioned his calling himself a loggerhead.

LETTER XVI.

London, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I Have just dispatched my fifteenth to the post; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from *MD*. I am in furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of *MD*'s to answer in one of *Presto*'s, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you'll have got your box and chocolate, and *Presto* will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my lord keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Don't you call them two thirteens *?—At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to sir *Andrew Fountain* in the forenoon, and I dined with three *Irishmen*, at one Mr. *Cope*'s lodgings; the other two were one *Morris* an archdeacon, and Mr. *Ford*. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes *Harrison* would have come to get help about his *Tatler* for Tuesday:

* A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

day: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business.—Come, what are you doing? How do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies truly. I wish you had some of our *Seville* oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for two pence apiece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hoghead when I get to *Ireland*, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I'll treat *MD* at my table in an evening, oh ho, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, — be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*: I went to the court of requests at noon, and sent Mr. *Harley* into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of *Argyle* was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said,

he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr. *Bernage* into his protection; and if he finds *Bernage* answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel *Masbam* and colonel *Hill* (Mrs. *Masbam's* brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too: so I reckon *Bernage* is on a very good foot when he goes to *Spain*. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left *Conolly's*.

13. I have left off lady *Kerry's* bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady *Kerry* is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at lord *Shelburn's*, where she is, and we conn ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. *Harley* into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within; I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor *Congreve*, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till
near

near nine o'clock. He gave me a *Tatler* he had written out, as blind as he is, for little *Harrison*. 'Tis about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *Coat of Arms* at the *Herald's*, and a set of ancestors at *Fleet-ditch*; 'tis well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. 'Tis now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's* daughter's *Birth-day*, and Mr. *Ford* and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning *Lent*; and in the morning lord *Shelburn*, lady *Kerry*, Mrs. *Pratt*, and I, went to *Hyde-park*, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. *Duke* died suddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the *Wits* when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ further than a prologue or commendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living, given by the bishop of *Winchester* about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the *Park*, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixt with little short

frosts. I went to the court of requests, thinking if Mr. *Harley* dined early, to go with him. But meeting *Leigh* and *Sterne*, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one *H—*, a worthless *Irish* fellow, was there ready to dine with us, so I stept out and whispered them, that I would not dine with that fellow; they made excuses, and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr. *Harley's*, and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at sir *John Germain's*, and found lady *Betty* but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord *Berkeley's* tomb: you know the young rake his son, the new earl, is married to the duke of *Richmond's* daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She'll be fluxed in two months, and they'll be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venter some folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extreams. And so get you gone to *Stoyte* to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow, 'tis a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home; so I came back and called at *Congreve's*, and dined with him and *East-court*,

court *, and laughed till six, then went to Mr. *Harley's*, who was not gone to dinner; there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (*Saturday*) that lord keeper and secretary *St. John* dine with him privately, and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. *Atterbury* and *Prior* went to bury poor Dr. *Duke*. *Congreve's* nasty white wine has given me the heart-burn

17. I took some good walks in the *Park* to-day, and then went to Mr. *Harley*. Lord *Rivers* was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day, when only lord keeper and the secretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but *Jonathan*; and I said, I believed they would leave me *Jonathan* as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds,

P 4

without

* A famous comedian.

without being obliged to any body ; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest *MD* ; and so hold your tongue, and don't talk, firrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner ; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary *St. John* would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for lord *Peterborow* sent him twelve dozen flasks of *Burgundy*, on condition that I should have my share ; but he never was quiet till they were all gone, so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord *Peterborow* is now got to *Vienna*, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be towards looking for a letter from some certain ladies of *Presto's* acquaintance, that live at *St. Mary's*, and are called in a certain language our little *MD*. No, stay, I don't expect one these fix days, that will be just three weeks ; an't I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with an *October Club*, that is, a set of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink *October* beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament,

liament, to consult affairs, and drive things on to extreams against the *Whigs*, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great state secret; The queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into t'other extream, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the others hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other *Tories* for more violent. Lord *Rivers*, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called The *Examiner*, for speaking civilly of the duke of *Marlborough*; this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore, that if their advice was followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen, to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry, than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and
I was

I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour *Vanbomrigh*, where fir *Andrew Fountain* dined too, who has just began to fall out, and has shipt his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walkt a little in the *Park*, till *Prior* made me go with him to the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, where I sat awhile, and saw four or five *Irish* persons, who are very handsome genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to *Bernage*, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. *Curry's*, to be left with *Dingley*. Brigadiers *Hill* and *Masbam*, brother and husband to Mrs. *Masbam*, the queen's favourite, colonel *Disney*, and I, have recommended *Bernage* to the duke of *Argyle*; and secretary *St. John* has given the duke my memorial; and besides, *Hill* tells me, that *Bernage's* colonel, *Fielding*, designs to make him his captain-lieutenant: but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again, and 'tis mistaken, for I now want a little good weather; I bid you good morrow, and if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. *Walls*, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again; I am sorry it is a girl; the poor archdeacon too, see how
simply

simply he lookt when they told him : what did it cost *Stella* to be gossip ? I'll rise, so d'ye hear, let me see you at night, and don't stay late out, and catch cold, firrahs.—At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with *Ford* upon his *Opera-day* ; but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from *MD*, methinks there's—something great in doing so, only I can't express where it lies ; and faith this shall go by *Saturday*, as sure as you're a rogue. Mrs. *Edgeworth* was to set out but last *Monday*, so you won't have your box so soon perhaps as this letter ; but *Sterne* told me since, that it is safe at *Chester*, and that she will take care of it. I'd give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking.—I should be plaguy busy at *Laracor* if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If *Raymond* goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing ; and that *Stella* may ride by and see *Presto* in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with *Joe* to the *Hill of Bree*, and round by *Scurlock's Town* ; O Lord, how I remember names ;

names; faith it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I'll go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must.—At night. Lady *Kerry* sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walkt back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the *Park* after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr. *Prior* walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often round the *Park* together. So I'll go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the *Park*, while they pickt out the bits of glasses; and when
I paid

I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare; but I was plaguily afraid they would have said, God bless your honour, won't you give us something for our glass? *Lewis* and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope *Smyth* has brought you your palsy drops; how does *Stella* do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I'll allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. *Sterne* was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. *Edgworth* is not yet set out, but will infallibly next *Monday*, and this is the third infallible *Monday*, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from *MD* in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter, and so, and so. I dined to-day with my mistress *Butler*, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you're alive, young women, and then you'll be so ashamed that I have had none from you; and if I was to reckon

reckon like you, I would say I were six letters before you, for this is *N. 16.* and I have had your *N. 10.* But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister-of-state-hunting in the court of requests; for I have something to say to Mr. *Harley.* And 'tis fine cold sun-shiny weather; I wish dear *MD* would walk this morning in your *Stephen's-green:* 'tis as good as our *Park,* but not so large*. Faith this *Summer* we'll take a coach for six-pence † to the *Green-Well,* the two walks, and thence all the way to *Stoyte's*‡. My hearty service to goody *Stoyte* and *Catherine,* and I hope Mrs. *Walls* had a good time. How inconstant I am? I can't imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I'm going; what have you to say? *I don't care how I write now*§. I don't design to write on this side, these few lines are but so much more than your due, so I'll write *large* or *small* as I please. Oh, faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for

* It is a measured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the finest *Square* in *London.*

† The common fare for a set-down in *Dublin.*

‡ Mrs. *Stoyte* lived at *Dennybrook,* the road to which from *Stephen's-Green* ran into the country about a mile from the *South-east* corner.

§ Those words in *Italicks* are written in a very large hand, and so is the word in one of the next lines.

for I'll seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewel.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I'm sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

There, There, There *.

O Lord, I am saying *There, There*, to myself in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog *Patrick* broke the key general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, besides my good two shillings.

* In his cypher-way of writing to *Stella*, he writes the word *There, Lele*.

L E T

LETTER XVII.

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

NOW, young women, I gave in my fixteenth this evening. I dined with *Ford*, it was his *Opera-day* as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the *Park*, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about *Bernage* to the duke of *Argyle*: but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe *Bernage* will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there's an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own *MD*, and hope to hear that *Stella* has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear

bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, on condition I might chuse my company, which were lord *Rivers*, lord *Carteret*, sir *Thomas Mansel*, and Mr. *Lewis*; I invited *Masbam*, *Hill*, sir *John Stanley*, and *George Granville*, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of *Stella's* health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. *French*, and Dr. *Travers*, and Dr. *Whittingham*, and Mr. (I forget his name, that I always tell Mrs. *Walls* of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in any thing, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard *Presto*? Hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. secretary about some business, and he tells me, that colonel *Fielding* is now going to make *Bernage* his captain-lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites

of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of *Argyle* goes on. And so trouble me no more about your *Bernage*; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined, by invitation, with Mrs. *Vankomrigh*. You say they are of no consequence: why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two lady *Bettys* there this afternoon, the beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of t'other, and the wit of neither*, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the *Park* now: why don't you walk in the *Green* of *St. Stephen*? The walks there are finer gravelled than the *Mall*. What beasts the *Irish* women are, never to walk!

27. *Dartineuf* and I and little *Harrison*, the new *Tatler*, and *Jervas* the painter, dined to-day with *James*, I know not his other name, but it is one of *Dartineuf's* dining places, who is a true epicure. *James* is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at *St. James's*, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it.

* i. e. Without the wit of either.

it *——Three weeks and three days since my last letter from *MD*, rare doings: why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. *Walls*, that indeed, *Presto*, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died; and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it.—Indeed, *Presto*, you are plaguy silly to-night, and han't guest one word right; for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. *Catharine* and I were godmothers; I was going to say *Stoyte*, but I think I have heard they don't put maids and married women together; though I know not why I think so, nor I don't care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of

Q 2

taking

* There seems to be a false concord in this passage: however, as the word *Victuals* is a peculiar sort of noun, which is never used in the singular number, but, like *food*, implies either one or more dishes, the phrase may be excused; whether *Swift* had any authority to back him or not.

taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up every thing I writ, and published it t'other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it, 'twas without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. *Tooke* pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I'll bring a couple of them over with me for *MD*, perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to *Patrick* to look in his *Almanack* for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be *Leap-year*. The *Almanack* says 'tis the third after *Leap-year*, and I always thought till now, that every third year was *Leap-year*. I'm glad they come so seldom; but I'm sure it was otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then.—Write to me, firrahs, be sure do by the time this side is done, and I'll keep t'other side for the answer: so I'll go write to the bishop of *Clogher*; good morrow, firrahs.—Night. I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, being a rainy day, and lady *Betty Butler* knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening,

ing, where the *Vans* (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke; so I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipsing to-day with your Mr. *Sterne*, to go along with them to *Moor*, and recommend his business to the treasury. *Sterne* tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. *Harley*, because I have troubled him lately so much with other folks affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. *Harley* told me he did not like *Sterne's* business; however, I will serve him, because I suppose *MD* would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord *Abercorn*, whose son *Peasley* will be married at *Easter* to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. *Harley's* levee; he swore I came in spight, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the duke of *Ormond* know how the affair stood of the *First-Fruits*. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every *Saturday* lord keeper, secretary *St. John*, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord *Rivers*,

and they let in none else. *Patrick* brought me some letters into the *Park*; among which one was from *Walls*, and t'other, yes faith, t'other was from our little *MD*, N. 11. I read the rest in the *Park*, and *MD*'s in a chair as I went from *St. James's* to Mr. *Harley*, and glad enough I was faith to read it, and see all right: Oh, but I won't answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. An't I filly? Faith your letters would make a dog filly, if I had a dog to be filly, but it must be a little dog.—I staid with Mr. *Harley* till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gavé him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on *Monday*. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. *Harley*, that he was much out of order; pray God preserve his health, every thing depends upon it. The *Parliament* at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in *Ireland*; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament lurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the *First-Fruit* business will be done. This
king-

kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have *Peace*, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces ; and our factions at home encrease. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an *Isthmus* between the *Whigs* on one side, and violent * *Tories* on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord *Somers* has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately ; and your duchess of *Somerset*, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them.—I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe, that lately, after much conversation with Mr. *Harley*, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

Q 4

5. Mr.

* The *October Club*.

5. Mr. *Harley* continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a fore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. *Freind*, at a third body's house, where I was to pass for somebody else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your *Stoyte's*, or your *Manley's*, or your *Walls'*. But your new lodgings make you so proud, you'll walk less than ever. Come let me go to bed, firrahs.

6. Mr. *Harley's* going out yesterday has put him a little backwards. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. *Ford* caught me, and made me dine with him on his *Opera-day*; so I brought Mr. *Lewis* with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. *Addison* these three weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no *Coffee-house*. I presented a parson of the bishop of *Clogher's*, one *Richardson*, to the duke of *Ormond* to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into *Irish*, and has a project about instructing the *Irish* in the protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were
not

not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shan't have room, for it must go on *Saturday*; and don't think I'll fill the third side, I an't come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your *Bernage*, I have said enough: I writ to him last week.—Turn over that leaf. Now what says *MD* to the world to come? I tell you, madam *Stella*, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? Answer me that, rogues. Your being with goody *Walls* is excuse enough: I find I was mistaken in the sex, 'tis a boy. Yes, I understand your cypher, and *Stella* guesses right, as she always does. He * gave me al bsadnuk lboinpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad †, which I sent him again by Mr. *Lewis*, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was shewed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do

* Mr. *Harley*.

† A bank note for fifty pounds.

do right? I am glad at heart you have got the palsey-water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest little *Stella* good. I suppose *Mrs. Edgworth* set out last *Monday* se'nnight. Yes, I do read the *Examiners*, and they are written very finely as you judge *. I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said, It is not *Prior*; but perhaps it may be *Atterbury*.—Now, madam *Dingley*, says she, 'tis fine weateer, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking *Frenchman*. I will give you a bill on *Parvisol* for five pound for the half year. And must I go on at four shillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the D— said *Atterbury* and your dean were alike? I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for *Patrick's* bird, he

* Even to his beloved *Stella* he had not acknowledged himself, at this time, to be the author of the *Examiner*.

he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to *Ireland*, if he be willing.—Yes, Mrs. *Stella*, *Dingley* writes more like *Presto* than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our *Presto* as well as *Dingley*? You with your awkward SSs; can't you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS*. Spiteful fluts, to affront *Presto's* writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like *Presto*. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. *Walls's* eyes. *Walls* says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say, If she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, *Ford* is as sober as I please: I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I don't go to a *Coffee-house* twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven.—And so you say that *Stella's* a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her
just

* Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters.

just now as handsome as the day's long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language * I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose *Dingley* is so fair and so fresh as a lass in *May*, and has her health, and no spleen.—In your account you sent do you reckon as usual from the 1st of *November* was twelvemonth? Poor *Stella*, won't *Dingley* leave her a little day-light to write to *Presto*? Well, well, we'll have day-light shortly, spight of her teeth; and zoo † must cly *Lele*, and *Hele*, and *Hele* aden. Must loo mimitate *pdfr*, pay? *Is*, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.—At night. *Mrs. Barton* sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that *MD* used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear *MD*, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this

* This refers to that strange spelling, &c. which abounds in these journals; but which could be no entertainment to the reader.

† Here is just one specimen given of his way of writing to *Stella* in these journals. The reader, I hope, will excuse my omitting it in all other places where it occurs. The meaning of this pretty language is; “And you must cry *There*, and *Here*, and “*Here* again. Must you imitate *Presto*, pray? Yes, “and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. “Good morrow.”

this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of *Dublin*; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. 'Tis of Mr. *Harley*'s being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady *Catherine Morris*'s cards, where I dined, when young *Arundel* came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. *St. John* in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. *Harley*, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate *French* villain, the marquis de *Guiscard*, stabbed Mr. *Harley*. *Guiscard* was taken up by Mr. secretary *St. John*'s warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. *Harley*. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction; I now think of all his kindness to me.—
The poor creature now lies stabbed in his
bed

bed by a desperate *French* popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven in bed. *Patrick* is just come from Mr. *Harley's*. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. secretary *St. John*. They say *Guis-card* will die with the wounds Mr. *St. John* and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. *Harley* still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. *Harley* is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c. and pity *Presto*.

10. Mr. *Harley* was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of his mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. *Walls*, and one from Mr. *Bernage*. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. *Walls* writes about three things. First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. *Raymond*,
of

of which I hear nothing, and 'tis now too late. Secondly, about Mr. *Clements*: I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. *Pratt*; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. *Pratt's* objections, whose relation *Clements* is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it can't be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his christian name be *Harley*, in honour to my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for *Bernage*, he writes me word, that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel *Disney*, who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me, that *Fielding* (*Bernage's* colonel) said he might have got that sum; but on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have *Bernage* write him a letter of
 thanks,

thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. *Disney* tells me he will again speak to *Fielding*; and clear up this matter; and then I will write to *Bernage*. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it; but let him do as I say, and there's an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a *Smithfield* bargain, as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewel, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray, madams? Tell me but that; impudence and saucy-face.

An't you sauceboxes to write lele [i. e. *there*] like *Presto*?

O poor *Presto*!

Mr. *Harley* is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy *Gog* and *Magog*.

L E T-

LETTER XVIII.

London, March 10, 1710-11.

PRETTY little *MD* must expect little from me till Mr. *Harley* is out of danger. We hope he is so now; but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes on well yet. Mr. *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis*, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. secretary and I met at Court, where he went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worse for this accident to Mr. *Harley*. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. *Harley* is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. *Harley*, who never slept last night,

and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. *Harley* (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The *parliament* cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money-busineses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. *Harley* is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening, broke my shin in the *Strand* over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with goldbeaters skin, and have been peevish enough with *Patrick*, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when t'other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however I shall not stir till 'tis well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things: but I wish I had Mrs. *J——*'s water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with allum. I will dine with Mrs. *Vankomrigh* till I am well, who lives but five doors off; and that I may venture.

14. My

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad; between accounts of Mr. *Harley's* mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour *Vanbomrigh* at two, and came away at six; when little *Harrison* the *Tatler* came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. *Harley* still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, firrahs, that you may rise to-morrow and walk to *Donnybrook*, and lose your money with *Stoyte* and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink *Presto's* health. O, pray, don't you drink *Presto's* health sometimes with your deans, and your *Stoytes*, and your *Walls*, and your *Manley's*, and your every body's, pray now? I drink *MD's* to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. secretary *St. John's* for all my shin, and he has given me for young *Harrison* the *Tatler*, the prettiest employment in *Europe*; secretary to my lord *Raby*, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the *Hague*, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the *Tatlers* in a fortnight. I will send *Harrison* to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor *Biddy Fleyd* has got the small-pox. I called this morning to see lady

Betty Germain; and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it*; for about ten days ago I was to see lord *Carteret*, and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead: it was near lady *Betty's*, and I fancy *Biddy* took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. secretary, and a physician came in just from *Guiscard*, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that *Guiscard* kept, sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days thanks to *Guiscard* and Mr. *Harley*; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that *Guiscard* is dead, but they say 'tis impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no further than Mrs. *Vanbomrigb's*, where I dined; and lady *Betty Butler* coming in

* Dr. *Swift* never had the small-pox.

in about fix, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. *Ford* came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the *Spectator* yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. *Steele*, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe *Addison* and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, ten days ago, before my lord keeper and lord *Rivers*, that I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of *Addison* and *Steele*; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done.—So, now I am got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me. When *Presto* begins to prate, Give him a rap upon the pate.—O Lord, how I blot; 'tis time to leave off, &c.

17. *Guiscard* died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counselors from whom he received his wounds. I

had a letter from *Raymond*, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office. Mr. *Harley* has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at *Court* to look for the duke of *Argyle*, and give him the memorial about *Bernage*. The duke goes with the first fair wind; I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. *Bernage* has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however, he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and staid till seven, but would not drink his *Champaign* and *Burgundy* for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next *Saturday*.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, and soiled up my leg on the seat; and as I came home I went to see poor *Charles Barnard's* books, which are to be
fold

sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But 'tis too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a *Coffee-house* with *Stratford* upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did *MD* dine? Why, poor *MD* dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton, and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. *Walls* mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of *Argyle* is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I see Dr. *Arbutnott* *, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a *Scotch* doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; *Stella* can't pronounce it. Oh, that we were at *Laracor* this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream's out: I was a-dreamed last night that I eat ripe cherries.—And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers) and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to

R 4

get

* It is reasonable to suppose, that *Swift's* acquaintance with *Arbutnott* commenced just about this time; for in the original letter *Swift* mispels his name, and writes it *Artbburthnet*, in a clear large hand, that *MD* might not mistake any of the letters.

get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why don't you ask *Parvisol* these things, firrabs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But hearkee, ought not *Parvisol* to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. *Walls*. I will write an order on t'other side; and do as you will. Here's a world of business; but I must go sleep, I'm drowsy; and so good night, &c.

20. Th'is sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to *Bernage*, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; 'tis his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. *Harley's* stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. *Harley* so much.

Biddy

Biddy Floyd * is like to do well: and so go to your dean's; and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you fancy fluts. *Stella*, you lost three and four-pence t'other night at *Stoyte's*, yes, you did, and *Presto* stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in *Ireland*, and that I have left my cloaths and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body; and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such non-sense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on *Saturday*, faith. I dined with Mrs. *Van-homrigh*, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares saucy *Presto*? *Darteneuf* invited me to dinner to-day. Don't you know *Darteneuf*? That's the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last: and then I went to the *Coffee-house*. My shin mends, but is not quite healed: I ought to keep it up, but I don't: I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take *Parvisol* and his watch. If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get towards

* See Dr. *Swift's* verses on this lady.

towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let *Parvisol* know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of *Ormond* to meet him at *Ned Southwell's*, about an affair of printing *Irish Prayer-books*, &c. but the duke never came. There *Southwell* had letters that two *pacquets* are taken; so if *MD* writ then, the letters are gone; for they were *pacquets* coming here. Mr. *Harley* is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by *Southwell's* letters from *Ireland*: What do you think of it? I dined with sir * *John Perceval*, and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home my fore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the f—b, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on allum curd, and it is almost well. Lord *Rivers* told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the Pretender is going to be married to the duke of *Savoy's* daughter. 'Tis very bad, if it be true. We were walking
in

* Created baron *Perceval* of *Burton*, April 21, 1715, 1 *George* I. viscount *Perceval* of *Canturk*, Feb. 25, 1722, 9 *George* I. and earl of *Egmont*, all in the county of *Cork*, Nov. 6, 1733, 7th of *George* II. His only son, who succeeded him in honours and estate, was created a peer of *Great-Britain*, by the title of baron *Level* and *Holland* of *Enmore*, in 1762, 3 *George* III.

in the *Mall* with some *Scotch* lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell me it to none but the secretary of state and *MD*. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little *MD* good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you ('tis morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewel, &c.

L E T -

LETTER XIX.

London, March 24, 1710-11.

IT was a little cross 'in *Preslo* not to send to-day to the *Coffee-house* to see whether there was a letter from *MD* before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at *Ned Southwell's* with the bishop of *Offory* and a parcel of *Irish* gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the *Spectators*? Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, *N. 11*. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains *MD* take to write, especially poor pretty *Stella*, and her weak eyes, God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. *Harley* puts every thing backwards, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow

Guiscard

Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villainy whenever I think of it. *Biddy Floyd* is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry New-year; this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis *Lady-day*. I must rise and go to my lord keeper: it is not shaving-day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. secretary *St. John*. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. *Stella* will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. *de Caudres*' down upon the folks as they come from church*; and there comes Mrs. *Proby*, and that's my lady *Southwell*, and there's lady *Betty Rockfort*. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. *Beent* could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you.—At Night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let *Guiscard* be buried at last, after shewing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for two-pence apiece: and the fellow that

* MD's lodgings were exactly opposite to St. Mary's church.

that shewed would point to his body, and, See, Gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of *Ormond*; and this is the wound, &c. and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then. —Mr. *Harley* is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I walked like lightning above two hours in the *Park*. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. *Harley*; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of *Radcliffe* *, who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. *Lewis*, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I be now at *Laracor*? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the *Brazil* tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know

* A very famous physician.

know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to *Ireland*; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour *Van-bomrigh* invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at *Prior's* with Dr. *Freind*; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning. O faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of fluttekings for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from *MD* at the *Coffee-house*? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent *Patrick*, and he brought me three letters, but not one from *MD*, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from *MD*. One I opened, it was from the archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from *Staunton*; the third I took, and looked at the hand. Whose hand is this? says I; yes, says I, whose hand is this? Then there was wax between the folds; then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was *Wall's* hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little *MD's* hand, dear, little, pretty, charming *MD's* sweet hand again. O Lord, e'nt here a clutter and a stir,

stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith,
 I believe yours lay some days at the post-
 office, and that it came before my eighteenth
 went, but that I did not expect it, and I
 hardly ever go there. Well, and so you
 think I'll answer this letter now; no faith,
 and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young
 women; but I'll enquire immediately about
 poor *Dingley's* exchequer trangum*. What,
 is that *Vedel* again a soldier? Was he broke?
 I'll put it in *Ben Tooke's* hand. I hope *Vedel*
 could not sell it.—At night. *Vedel, Vedel,*
 poh, poh, I think it is *Vedeau*; aye, *Vedeau*,
 now I have it; let me see, do you name
 him in yours? Yes, Mr. *John Vedeau* is the
 brother; but where does this brother live;
 I'll enquire. This was a fast-day for the
 publick; so I dined late with sir *Matthew*
Dudley, whom I have not been with a great
 while. He is one of those that must lose
 his employment whenever the great shake
 comes; and I can't contribute to keep him
 in, though I have dropt words in his favour
 to the ministry; but he has been too violent
 a *Whig*, and friend to the lord-treasurer †,
 to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they
 let those people keep their places; but the
 reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all
 expecters, and so they keep them all in
 hopes,

* He must mean an exchequer tally.

† Earl of Godolphin.

hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller told me, that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the *Park*. What, do I write politicks to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day I will walk into the city, and see *Charles Barnard's* library. What care I for your letter, your saucy *N. 12*? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again.—At night. Your friend *Montgomery* and his sister are here, as I am told by *Patrick*: I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money.—How could I help it, pray? *Patrick* snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper *. It en't my fault, 'tis *Patrick's* fault; pray now don't blame *Presto*. I walked to day into the city, and dined at a private

VOL. XVII. S

* It caused a violent daub on the paper, which still continues much discoloured in the original.

vate house, and went to see the auction of poor *Charles Barnard's* books; they were in the middle of the physick books, so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to *Stoyte's*, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning. This is *Good-Friday*, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr. secretary about some business, and Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for *Patrick*, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to *Ireland*, I will discharge him*. Sir *Thomas Mansel*, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw *Patrick*, and swore he was a *Teaguelander*. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I supped this fast-day with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*. We were afraid Mr. *Harley's* wound would turn to a *fistula*; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a fortnight, *Prior* shewed me a handsome paper of verses

* He forgot here to say, At night. See what goes before.

verses he has writ on Mr. *Harley's* accident: they are not out; I will send them to you if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning. What shall we do to make *April* fools this year, now it happens on *Sunday*? *Patrick* brings word that Mr. *Harley* still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out *Vedeau's* brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a commission, or perhaps is a voluntier gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, firrahs, let me rise.—At night. I dined to-day with sir *Thomas Mansel*. We were walking in the *Park*, and Mr. *Lewis* came to us. *Mansel* asked, Where we dined? We said, Together. He said we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton. I said, I would dine with him to chuse; but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by flattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. *Harley's*,
S 2 who

who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak.—See how much I have lost with that ugly grease *. 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The duke of *Buckingham's* house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An *April* fool, an *April* fool, oh ho, young women. Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an *April* fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is *Sunday*, and *Easter-Sunday*. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. *Prior* and *Lewis* observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest *MD*, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our *Park* these *Easter* holidays. I am plagued with one *Richardson*, an *Irish* parson, and his project of printing *Irish Bibles*, &c. to make you *Christians* in that country: I befriend him what I can on account of the archbishop and bishop of *Clogher*.—But what business have I to meddle, &c. Don't you remember that, firrah

* The candle grease mentioned before, which soaked through, and deformed this part of the paper on the second page.

firrah *Stella*? What was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? Oh faith, you are an impudent flut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. *Lewis* and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of *MD's*. O faith, *Presto*, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy *Presto*.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. *Barton*; I love her better than any body here, and see her seldomer. Why really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—psah, psah, you are so silly with your moral observations. Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson and clerk must be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection.—I called at Mr. secretary's, to see what the d—— ailed him on *Sunday*; I made him a very proper speech, told him, I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad

to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, Never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning from sir *William Temple*) that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord keeper and Mr. *Harley* know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said, I had reason, vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dined with him and Mrs. *Masham's* brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend *Rollinson**, you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes.

* Doctor of Laws, a nonjuror, author of *The Method of studying History*, &c. a great favourite of Mr. *Pope's*, who left him a legacy.

times. Why, I think what I said to Mr. secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when sir *William Temple* would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons. I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour *Vanbomrigh*, and *MD*, poor *MD*, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor *Stella* could not eat, poor dear rogue, and *Dingley* was so vexed; but we'll dine at *Stoyte's* to-morrow. Mr. *Harley* promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. *Vedeau*. She drew out a letter from *Dingley*, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. *Tooke* in it henceforward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to *Portugal*. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says, she will write to you soon. I design to engage *Ben Tooke*, and then receive the

parchment from her.—I gave Mr. *Dopping* a copy of *Prior's* verses on Mr. *Harley*, he sent them yesterday to *Ireland*, so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to *Stoyte* and *Catherine*; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire goody *Stoyte* not to let Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Johnson* cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me, that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one madam *MD*.—God Almighty blefs poor dear *Stella*, and send her a great many *Birth-days*, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies.—What, you would fain palm a letter

ter on me more than you sent; and I, like a fool, must look over all yours to see whether this was really *N. 12.* or more. [*Patrick* has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of *Clogher* and *Parvifol*; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from *MD*; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together? But faith this shall go to-night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it.] No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of *Mr. Harley* from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wish *Mrs. Edgeworth* had the p—. But you have it now, I suppose; and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? *Leigh* stays till *Sterne* has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but *Mr. Harley's* accident stops that as well as all things else. Your guess, madam *Dingley*, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and bye.—Your affair of *Vedeau* I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. *Mrs. Dobbins* lies, I have no more provision here or in *Ireland* than I had. I am pleased that

Stella

Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. *Harley* *; but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at *Presto's* absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick; and now *Stella* says, she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that *MD* is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!] why they should not†. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away‡. I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why *Stella* should not go to the *Bath*, if she be told it will do her

* In relation to the bank note.

† *Swift* was at this time their great support and champion.

‡ And so at last he threatened; (vide his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, No. 90. *Faulkner's* collection) or perhaps he never would have got the *Deanry* of St. *Patrick's*.

her good; I will make *Parvisel* get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in *Autumn*, or visit *London*, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to *Bernage*, directed to *Curry's*; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The bishop of *Kilmore*, I don't keep such company; an old dying fool whom I never was with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, *Stella*, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian*, and *Dainger**, and you, madam *Dingley*, what is *Christianing*?—Lay your letter *this way*, *this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll shew you, lay them *this way*, *this way*, and not *that way*, *that way*†.—You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget *MD's* orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful, as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this *Clements*. *Walls* will not let me
say

* It may be somewhat amazing to declare; but *Stella*, with all her wit and good sense, spelled very ill. And Dr. *Swift* insisted greatly upon women's spelling well.

† The slope of the letters in the words *this way*, *this way*, is to the left hand, but the slope of the words *that way*, *that way*, is to the right hand.

say any thing, as if Mr. *Pratt* was against him: and now the bishop of *Clogher* has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But, if he has the name of a *Whig*, it will be hard, considering my lord *Anglesea* and *Hyde* are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy treasurer. If the frolick should take you of going to the *Bath*, I here send you a note on *Parvisol*; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewel.

If you have an imagination that the *Bath* will do you good, I say again, I would have you go; if not, or if it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve, however, to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

L E T-

LETTER XX.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my nineteenth in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walked away sixpenny-worth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one; and the duke of *Ormond* sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. *Southwell's* by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the *Irish* in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on *Irish* yarn; so we talked awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the house of commons, to solicit our friends, and the duke among the rest; and lord *Anglesea* solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But after all, the matter was put off till *Monday*, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord *Mountjoy*, and looked over him at chess, which put me in mind of *Stella* and *Griffith*. I came home, and that dog *Patrick* was not within, so I fretted,

fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so get you gone to your deans, You couple of queans. I can't find rhyme to *Walls* and *Stoyte*.—Yes, yes, You expect Mrs. *Walls*, Be dressed when she calls, To carry you to *Stoyte*, Or else *boni soit*. *Henley* told me that the *Tories* were insupportable people, because they were for bringing in *French* claret, and will not *sup-port*. Mr. *Harley* will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon when I send away this letter he will be just got into the house of commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No it won't, for those letters that go under a fortnight are answerers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid; some &c.—I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis a late *Spring* they say here.—Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. *Ford* has been at *Epsom*, to avoid *Good-Friday* and *Easter-Sunday*. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me, there are letters from *Ireland* giving an account of a great indiscretion in the archbishop of *Dublin*,

Dublin, who applied a story out of *Tacitus* very reflectingly on Mr. *Harley*, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr. secretary, who has been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by *Burgundy* and *Champagne*, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea whilst the rest were at *Champagne*, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs. *St. John*, who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the *Bath* on *Wednesday*, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the news paper called the *Post-boy*; in it there was a long copy of a letter from *Dublin*, giving an account of what the *Whigs* said upon Mr. *Harley's* being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr. secretary *St. John*; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the story of the archbishop of *Dublin*, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on *Tuesday*. I told the secretary I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed, and so I crost it out; and afterwards,

terwards to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be published: and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him, in the secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on any body in *Ireland* till he had shewed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the house of commons again about their yarn, at lord *Anglesea's* desire, but the business is again put off till *Monday*. I dined with sir *John Stanley*, by an assignation I had made with Mr. *St. John*, and *George Granville*, the secretary at war, but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since *Sunday*, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of *Champagne* or *Burgundy* without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like *Stella*, and will not be governed. So go to your *Stoyte's*, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting lady *Worsley* and Mrs. *Barton* to-day, and dined soberly with my friend *Lewis*. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you; *Duncomb*, the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of *Argyle*, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love the duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbishop of *Dublin*, about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. *St. John*, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence, said she had none to trust but me; and the poor creature's tears came, fresh in her eyes. Before we took leave, I was drawn in by the other ladies and sir *John Stanley* to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings apiece, several raffling for absent people; but I lost, and so mist an opportunity of shewing my gallantry to Mrs. *St. John*, whom I designed to have presented it to, if I had won. Is *Dilly* * gone to the *Bath*? His face will whizz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take *London* in his way back.—The rabble will say, There goes a drunken parson, and which is worse, they will say true. Oh,

VOL. XVII. T but

* The reverend *Dillon Ashe*.

but you must know, I carried *Ford* to dine with Mr. *St. John* last *Sunday*, that he may brag when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me, that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. *Harley* is to be lord treasurer, and lord *Poulet* * master of the horse, &c. but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make Mr. *Harley* a compliment the first time he comes into the house, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr. *Radcliffe*; which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.—What; I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little faucy *MD*; here's a deal of stuff, indeed; can't you bid those little dear rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr. *Presto*? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the house of commons, about your *Irish* yarn, and again put off till *Friday*; and I and *Patrick* went into the city by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of *Charles Barnard*'s books, but the good

* He was at this time first commissioner of the treasury.

good ones were so monstrous dear, I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. *Henley* would fain engage me to go with *Steele* and *Rowe*, &c. to an invitation at fir *William Read's*. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his *Champagne*, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord *Anglesea*, and fir *Thomas Hammer*, and *Prior* and I dined, by appointment, with lieutenant-general *Webb*. My lord and I staid till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. *Campaign*, one of the *October Club*, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the *Whigs*. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretended to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something

that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember *Stella's* chiding; What had you to do with what did not belong to you, &c. However you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks *Dingley*.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. *Vedeau's* again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. *Harley*, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of *Guiscard's* cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of *Shrewsbury*) came up, then colonel *Masbam* and I went off, after I had been presented to the duke, and that we had made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the house of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then *Ford* drew me to dine at a tavern, it happened to be the day and the house where the *October Club* dine. After we had dined, coming down we called to to enquire, whether our yarn business had been
been

been over that day, and I sent into the room for sir *George Beaumont*. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. *Finch*, lord *Guernsey's* son, to let me know, that my lord *Compton*, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the *Club*, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship with the ministry. The *Club* is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of *Barnard's* books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell, that when I dined at *Webb's* with lord *Anglesea*, I spoke to him of *Clements*, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman, and a good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said, he had not thoughts otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place, while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I'll tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for

my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend. Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me.—I hope this may do some good to *Clements*, it can do him no hurt; and I find by Mrs. *Pratt*, that her husband is his friend; and the bishop of *Clogher* says, *Clement's* danger is not from *Pratt* *, but from some other enemies, that think him a *Whig*.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of *Argyle*, but said nothing of *Bernage*, who, I believe, will not see him till *Spain* is conquered, and that is, not at all. I was to-day at lord *Shelburn's*, and spoke to Mrs. *Pratt* again about *Clements*; her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. *Pratt*, I expected her husband should stand by *Clements* in return. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with neighbour *Van-homrigh*; he is mighty ill of an *Asthma*, and apprehends himself in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink,
when

* Deputy vice-treasurer of *Ireland*.

when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place, I would give something for their keeping; but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. *Brent* to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the *Bath*, I here send you a bill on *Parvisol* for twenty pounds *Irish*, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor *Presto*, that loves *MD* better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewel, *MD*, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXI.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, firrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away the last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. *Harley* will be lord treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the great duke of *Tuscany* used to send to sir *William Temple*: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God *MD* had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with *Ford* into the city to-day, and dined with *Stratford*, and drank Tockay,
and

and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the dean, and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me *A Narrative* printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. *Harley's* stabbing. I had not time to do it myself; so I sent my hints to the author of the *Atalantis* *, and and she has cooked it into a six-penny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. *Harley* or Mr. *St. John* in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of *Florence* was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and six-pence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and staid till eight. There was sir *Thomas Mansel*, *Prior*, *George Granville*, and Mr. *Cæsar*, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal

Mrs. *Manley*.

formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to *MD*, if she likes that sort? My lord keeper and our this day's company are to dine on *Saturday* with *George Granville*, and to-morrow I dine with lord *Anglesea*.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goose-cap as *Presto*? I saw the number 21 a-top, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but *Wednesday* the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord *Anglesea* to-day, but did not go to the house of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must inclose your letters in a fair half sheet of paper, and direct the outside To *Erasmus Lewis*, esquire, at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitehall*: for I never go to the *Coffee-house*, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning,
and

and brought me a flask of sweat water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to *Sheen* with lady *Giffard*: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love *Stella*, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is *Dingley*.

19. This morning general *Webb* was to give me a visit: he goes with a crutch and a stick, yet was forced to come up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterwards sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend *Lewis's* lodgings at *Whitehall*, with whom I had much business to talk of, relating to the publick and myself. Little *Harrison* the *Tatler* goes tomorrow to the secretaryship I got him at the *Hague*, and Mr. *St. John* has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from *Bernage* from *King'sale*: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: so there are two jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from lord *Peterborow*
to

to me: he writes so well, I have no mind to answer him, and so kind that I must answer him. The emperor's death must, I think, cause great alterations in *Europe*, and, I believe, will hasten a *Peace*. We reckon our king *Charles* will be chosen emperor, and the duke of *Savoy* set up for *Spain*; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. *Freind* and I dined in the city at a printer's, and it has cost me two shillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sun-shine, and is the truest *April* I have known these many years. The lime-trees in the park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the *Parliament* can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. *Harley* was with the queen on *Tuesday*. I believe certainly he will be lord treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord keeper, and I, and *Prior*, and sir *Thomas Mansel* have appointed to dine this day with *George Granville*. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little and the gentlest meats. How does poor *Stella* just now, with her *deans* and her *Stoytes*? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre?

ombre, firrah? What say you to that? Poor *Dingley* frets to see *Stella* lose that four and eleven pence, t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow, firrahs. I will rise, spight of your little teeth; good morrow.—At night. Oh, faith, you are little dear saucy boxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from *MD*, and in four minutes after Mr. *Ford* sends me one he had picked up at *St. James's Coffee-house*; for I go to no *Coffee-house* at all. And faith, I was glad at heart to see it, and to see *Stella* so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled: for young *Harcourt*, lord keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with *Prior's* lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb.

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miss your glass when you can;
And go off the first man.

God

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb snuff prescribed by Dr. *Radcliffe*.

Go to your deans,
You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares *Presto*?

22. Morning. I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr. *Harley* has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. Oh, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, firrahs both.—Night. I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every *Sunday*; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politicks, where I told him the objections of the *October Club*, and he answered all except one, That no enquiries are made into past mismanagement. But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an *Act of general Pardon*. I believe Mr. *Harley* must be lord treasurer; yet he makes one difficulty which is hard to answer:

answer: he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the luds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the *House of Commons*, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight *. Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on *Saturday* to my lord keeper. After dinner we had coarse *Doiley* napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. *Prior*; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *Fringeship* [Friendship] between Mr. *Prior* and his lordship. *Prior* swore it was the worst he ever heard: I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of *Stella's* that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy*, and this evening saw the *Venetian* ambassador coming from his first publick audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw.

* That is, among the ministry.

I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the duchess of *Ormond*, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the countess of *Bellamont*, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another; yet hearing me named, she ask'd, What, is that *Dr. Swift*? said, she and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with my neighbour *Van*. I design in two days, if possible, to go lodge at *Chelseu* for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from *London* every day. I writ this post to the bishop of *Clogher* a long politick letter to entertain him. I am to buy Statues and *Harnese* * for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up *MD*'s twelve letters against I go to *Chelseu*. I have put the last commissions of *MD* in my account-book; but if there be any former ones I have forgot them. I have *Dingley*'s pocket-book down, and *Stella*'s green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go.

* *Farnese*.

go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the dean just now, madam *Stella*, losing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? You say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*, with a long denial of the report raised on him *, which yet has been since assured to me from those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will shew it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to *Chelfea*.

26. *Chelfea*. I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend *Darteneuf's* house, and my chest of *Florence* and other things to Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and shewed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. *Harley*. I got here in the stage-coach with *Patrick* and my portmantua for six-pence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to *London*, and I must go as I came till it

VOL. XVII.

U

mends;

* See the last Collection of Letters, printed for *Faulkner*, No. 45.

mends; and besides the whelp has taken my lodging as far from *London* as this town could afford, at least half a mile further than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over-against Dr. * *Atterbury's* house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at *Chelsea* from henceforward, till I alter and say *London*. This letter goes on *Saturday*, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat goody *Stoyte*, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of *Florence* is turned sour, at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in *Christendom*. I went to town in the six-penny stage to-day, and hearing Mr. *Harley* was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of the lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and betwixt that and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play—— with a —— a —— a —— bookfeller, and got

* Afterwards bishop of *Rochester*.

got but about half a dozen books *. I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. *Harley's*, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and perriwig, and walked hither to *Chelsea*, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stand a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry; there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. secretary, in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr. *Brydges* †, on whom part of the blame was falling, said, he did not know that either Mr. *Brydges* or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause: for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure; and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. *Foley* beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. *St. John*, I turned to Mr. *Harley*, and said, If the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he [Mr. *Harley*] ought to lose his head for putting the queen upon changing them. He

U 2

made

* This must have been at some raffling for books.

† Pay-master of the forces.

made it a jest; but by some words dropt, I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. *St. John*, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of *Courts*. I will, if I meet Mr. *St. John* alone on *Sunday*, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad; for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politicks.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. *Harley* asked me yesterday, how he came to disoblige the archbishop of *Dublin*? Upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the bishop had written to me on that subject *, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one *Brent Spencer*, a brother of Mr. *Proby*'s, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from *Charles Dering*, who heard the words; and that *Ingoldsbys* abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it; O yes, enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? *Stella* jeers *Presto* for not coming over

* See letter 44 in the last Collection of Letters, printed by *Faulkner*.

over by *Christmas*; but indeed *Stella* does not jeer but reproach poor poor *Presto*. And how can I come away, and the *First-Fruits* not finish'd? I am of opinion the duke of *Ormond* will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight, they say; and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the *Miscellanies* already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff-box, I'll have your strong box. Hi, does *Stella* take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box? Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*, you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you *Tories*: now I think it very fine, and the *Examiner* a wretched thing.—Twist your mouth, firrah, *Guiscard*, and what you will read in the *Narrative*, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The *Spectator* is written by *Steele*, with *Addison's* help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an *Indian* supposed to write his *Travels* into *England*. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or *Addison*. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for

I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word *bowels*.) My ears have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs. *Wesley* came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea. They lie; Mr. *Harley's* wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound: he is weak still. Well, *Brooks* married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. *Walls's* eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers: but I have heard them say, Much talkers, Little walkers: and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you; If you talkt no more than you walkt, Those that think you wits would be baulkt. Yes, *Stella* shall have a large printed *Bible*: I have put it down among my commissions for *MD*. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the *Bible*. Pox take the box; is not it come yet? This is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought
you

you had such power with *Sterne*, that he would fly over *Mount Atlas* to serve you. You say you are not splenetick; but if you be, faith you will break poor *Presto's* — I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politicks and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, &c. that I have in *Ireland*; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from *Walls*, and the letter from *MD*: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God almighty bless and preserve poor *MD*. Farewel.

Oh faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side: I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs. *Walls*, and good kind hearty Mrs. *Stoyte*, and honest *Catherine*.

L E T T E R XXII.

Chelfea, April 28, 1711.

AT night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and perriwig, and dined with lord *Abercorn*, where I had not been since the marriage of his son lord *Peasly*, who has gotten thousand pound with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been enquiring about statues for Mrs. *Ashe*: I made lady *Abercorn* go with me; and will send them word next post to *Clogher*. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to day: I washed, shaved and all, and changed gown and perriwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends

friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to *Court*, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed doing some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. *Harley* were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who staid till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? He shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at *Westminster-school*, where lads are chosen for the *University*: they say 'tis a fight, and a great trial of wits. Our *Expedition Fleet* is but just failed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. secretary frets at their tediousness; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no secret to *France*. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your *Walker's* brother the midwife*.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of *Chelsea* have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I can't walk. I'll borrow a coat. This is the

* Sir Chamberlain Walker, a famous man midwife:

the blind side of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniencies as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.—At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at *Westminster* to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. *Freind*, the second master of the school, with a dozen parsons and others: *Prior* would make me stay. Mr. *Harley* is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again; I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry *May-day*, and a thousand more. I was baulked at *Westminster*; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses. They would not let me in to their dining place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. *Harley* excused his coming, and *Atterbury* was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend *Lewis* and I dined with *Kitt Musgrave*, if you know such a man: and, the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well. I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor *Stella*? *Dingley* is well enough. Go, get
you

you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough, O dear *MD*, contrive to have some of the country this spring: go to *Finglass*, or *Dannybrook*, or *Clegber*, or *Killala*, or *Lowth*. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the *Bath*: I hope you are now at the *Bath*, if you had a mind to go; or go to *Wexford*: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had just now a compliment from dean *Atterbury's* lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine, nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat *Presto* sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns*? I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*; and had a flask of my *Florence*, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here,
nobody

nobody plaguing me in the morning; and *Patrick* saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. *Atterbury*, to know whether I might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy: nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I crost the way to see Mrs. *Atterbury*, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner: and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetick day, for want of *MD*: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thousand times more, if *MD* had been with a body. My lord *Rochester* is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord president. I have been writing a long letter to lord *Peterborow*, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord *Shelburne's*, where lady *Kerry* made me a present of four *India* handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little *MD*, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of
of

of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, *MD* shall be acquainted with lady *Kerry*: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but *MD*: you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. *Addison*, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and *Stoytes*. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the *Coffee-house*, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how, and this goes on very slow; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write, I hold my lips just for all the world, as if I were talking in our own little language to *MD*. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I am got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, know not where to find me; and I am so
happy

happy not to hear *Patrick*, *Patrick*, called a hundred times every every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend *Lewis*, and we were deep in politicks how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. *Harley*; and, upon my word I was in perfect joy. Mr. secretary was just going out of the door, but I made him come back; and there was the old *Saturday Club*, lord keeper, lord *Rivers*, Mr. secretary, Mr. *Harley*, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. secretary went away; but I staid till nine, and made Mr. *Harley* shew me his breast, and tell all the story: and I shewed him the archbishop of *Dublin's* letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine, two miles; and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and *Patrick* and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to *Chelsea*, cursing at him, and the parson slipt into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken. A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers:
I had

I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. *Harley* shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be president in lord *Rochester's* room. I measured, and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. *Harley*, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts, while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that *Guiscard* gave him the second stab, though my lord keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaister still as broad as half a crown. Smoak how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new *Chelsea* bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to inclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus; To *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitehall*: I said so before, but it may miscarry you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith I think never one; among all the privateers and the storms: oh faith, my letters are too good to be lost. *MD's* letters

ters may tarry, but never miscarry, as the old woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But *Arthur Moore* came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of *Arthur Moore* *. But when I get Mr. *Harley* alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. *Raymond* over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope, and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and perriwig. I visited this afternoon, and among others, poor *Biddy Floyd*, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met Sir *George Beaumont* in the *Pall-mall*, who would needs walk with me as far as *Buckingham* house. I was telling him of my head; he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he said always gave it him; and that Dr. *Radcliffe* said it was

* Brother of the earl of *Drogheda*.

was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it, that *Stella* may consider it for her own poor little head: a pound lies ready packed up and directed for Mrs. *Walls*, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. secretary told me yesterday, that Mr. *Harley* would this week be lord treasurer and a peer, so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be till *Parliament* is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of *Ormond*, and recommended to him the care of poor *Joe Beaumont*, who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement; and desired I would give a memorial to *Ned Southwell* about it, which I will, and so tell *Joe* when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. *Warburton* *. It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the *Coffee-house* for a letter from *MD*; but I would not have one methinks, 'till this is gone, as it shall on *Saturday*. I visited the duchess of *Ormond* this morning; she does

VOL. XVII.

X

not

* Dr. *Swift's* curate at *Laracor*.

not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil *, the son of a grocer in *Capel-street*, one *Bell*, the ladies have bought sugar and plumbs of him. Mrs. *Mary* used to go there often. This is *Patrick's* account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all. Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to *Donnybrook*, and cut asparagus. Has *Parvisol* sent you any this year †? I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. *Freind* came this morning to visit *Atterbury's* lady and children as physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with sir *Cholmley Dering*, *Charles Dering's* nephew, and head of that family in *Kent*, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite

* A superstitious ceremony, without the least effect. Ignorant people formerly thought, that a touch of the hand from a king or queen of *England*, with a small piece of gold in a ribband or string tied round the neck, would cure this dreadful disorder, which never was effected. This ridiculous custom is now laid aside by all people of common sense.

† From Dr. *Swift's* garden at *Laracor*.

quite through the body, by one Mr. *Thornbill*. They fought at sword and pistol this morning in *Totbill-fields*, their pistols so near that the muzzles touched. *Thornbill* discharged first, and *Dering* having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. *Thornbill* had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from *Dering*, who had first knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. *Dering* was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. *Harley*, lord keeper, and one or two more are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble to Mr. *Harley's*, full of his praises. *Lewis* and I dined with *Ford*; I found the wine; two flasks of my *Florence*, and two bottles of fix that Dr. *Raymond* sent me of *French* wine; he sent it me to drink with sir *Robert Raymond*, and Mr. *Harley's* brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come; and now I have left the town, and it is too late. *Raymond* will think it a cheat. What care I, firrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw. *Patrick* brought me four letters to-day; from *Dilly* at *Bath*; *Joe*; *Parvisol*; and what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll guess?

Who can it be? You old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Ifs, an please your honour, it is from one madam *MD*, Number Fourteen. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town, but it shall go on *Saturday*, and this is *Thursday* night, and it will be time enough for *Wexford*. Take my method: I write here to *Parvisol* to lend *Stella* twenty pound, and to take her note promissary to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives pray?

II. *Joe* has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing less; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. *Harley*, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to *Courts* and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send; That I am ready to serve *Joe*, as far as I can; that I have spoken to the duke of *Ormond* about his money, as I writ to *Warburton*; that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at distance

tance and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and if *Fortune* throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that *Parvisol* may not run away with my two hundred pound, but get *Burton's* * note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach *Parvisol* to inclose, and direct the outside to Mr. *Lewis*. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the court of requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish my letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewel, &c. &c.

* *Burton*, a famous banker in *Dublin*.

LETTER XXIII.

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. *Harley* and the old club, lord *Rivers*, lord keeper, and Mr. secretary. They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. *St. John's* leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that foreseeing I should never dine again with sir *Simon Harcourt*, knight, and *Robert Harley*, esq; I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that before *Saturday* next we expect they will be lords: for Mr. *Harley's* patent is drawing to be earl of *Oxford*. Mr. secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. *St. John* read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and past purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle, the hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to *Court* after church (as I always do on *Sundays*) and then dined with Mr. secretary, who has engaged me for every *Sunday*; and poor *MD* dined at home upon a bit of veal and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid

insipid to tell you every day where I dine; yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. *Presto*, you had better go answer *MD*'s letter, N. 14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr. *Doctor*. What's that you say? The *Court* was very full this morning, expecting Mr. *Harley* would be declared earl of *Oxford*, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr. *Harley* never comes to *Court* at all; somebody there asked me the reason; Why, said I, the lord of *Oxford* knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain, your jackanapes, lord * *Santry*, was dead, captain *Cammock* assured me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do; he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. *Dick Tighe* and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for *Witherington*, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the *Castle* the day I left *Ireland*. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him, how long *Witherington* has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat; and had a footman my companion; then I went again by water, and dined in the city with a

X 4

printer,

* *Barry*, baron of *Santry*. This title is now extinct.

printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr. secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so, is because it was done by your parson *Slap, Scrap, Flap*, (what d'ye call him) *Trap*, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called *A Character* of the present set of *Whigs*, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in *Ireland*. Dr. *Freind* was with me, and pulled out a two-penny pamphlet just published, called *The State of Wit*, giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a *Whig*, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the *Examiner*, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. *Swift*. But above all things he praises the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*; and I believe *Steele* and *Addison* were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain *Curl* has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. *Swift's* miscellanies, with the name at large: and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. *Harley* told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord keeper, and the rest. Since I came home I have been sitting with the prolocutor, dean *Atterbury*, who is my neighbour

hour over the way ; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot: I dined with lord *Shelburn*, and have desired Mrs. *Pratt*, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. *Walls's* tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this; I leave my best gown and perriwig at Mrs. *Vanbom-righ's*, then walk up the *Pall-mall*, through the *Park*, out at *Buckingham* house, and so to *Chelsea* a little beyond the *Church*: I set out about sun-set, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two good miles and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the *Mall* in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of *Ireland*, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use, but to be *laid aside*. I have now been almost three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to *Stoyte* at *Donnybrook*, we would only take a coach to the hither end of *Stephen's-Green*, and from thence go every step on foot, yes faith every step;

step; it would do: *DD* * goes as well as *Presto*. Every body tells me I look better already; for faith I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for any thing.

16. I wonder why *Presto* will be so tedious in answering *MD*'s letters; because he would keep the best to the last, I suppose. Well, *Presto* must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson *Richardson*, who came to see me, on his going to *Ireland*; and with him I send Mrs. *Wall's* tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the College †. I dined with lord *Shelburn* to-day; lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* are going likewise for *Ireland*.—Lord I forgot, I dined with Mr. *Prior* to-day, at his house, with dean *Atterbury* and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. *Sterne*

* In this passage *DD* signifies both *Dingley* and *Stella*.

† The university of *Dublin*.

17. *Sterne* came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, that Mrs. *Edgworth* married a fellow in her journey to *Chester*; so I believe she little thought of any body's box but her own. I desired *Sterne* to give me directions where to get the box in *Chester*, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to *Richardson* to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. *Curry*: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. *Sterne* says *Jemmy Leigh* loves *London* mightily; that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not *Sterne's* business, which Mr. *Harley's* accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of *Oxford* and lord treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, lord keeper's not yet, at least his son, young *Harcourt*, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend *Lewis* at his lodgings at *Whitehall*. T'other day at *Whitehall* I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to *England*; we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. *Colledge*; she has lodgings at *Whitehall*, having been seamstress to king *William*, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatick joiner, hanged for treason

treason in *Shaftsbury's* plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady *Berkeley*. I love good creditable acquaintance: I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that say, For want of company welcome trumpery. I was this evening with lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* at *Vauxhall*, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing,

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with colonel *Crowe*, late governor of *Barbadoes*, and your friend *Sterne* was the third; he is very kind to *Sterne*, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. *Harley* is lord treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with dean *Atterbury* till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty encrease of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew *London*. I staid at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean *Atterbury*; then went by water to Mr. *Harley's*,

ley's, where the *Saturday Club* was met, with the addition of the duke of *Shrewsbury*. I whispered lord *Rivers*, that I did not like to see a stranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. secretary said, The duke writ to have leave; so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. secretary told me the duke of *Buckingham* had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, It could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of *Shrewsbury* said, he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said, I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men. The duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality; which was handsomely said enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. *Harley* and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked, in a fine moonshine night, to *Chelsea*, where I got by one. Lord *Rivers* conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

By

20. By what lord keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon; but Mr. *Harley's* patent for earl of *Oxford* is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry *Whitsuntide*, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith you are going to *Wexford*, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on *Thursday*, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the *Pall-mall* a 'clergyman of *Ireland*, whom I love very well and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of *Ireland* too, who married *Nanny Swift*, uncle *Adam's* daughter, one *Perry*; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from *Lownds*; because my uncle and *Lownds* married two sisters, and *Lownds* is a great man here in the treasury; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be

be his friend to *Lownds*, and one word of mine, &c. the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, where I keep my best gown and perriwig, to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met fir *Thomas Mansel* and Mr. *Lewis* in the *Park*. *Lewis* whispered me, that Mr. *Harley's* patent for earl of *Oxford* was passed in Mr. secretary *St. John's* office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared earl of *Oxford*, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee? yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, firrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town; and I will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to *Wexford*.—No, you are not out in your number; the last was *Number 14*, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor *Stella*? Go to *Wexford*,
for

for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor *Stella*. *Parvisol* has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for: he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer for *MD's* sake, as hope faved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to *Wexford*; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under the necessity of rambling the country until *Michaelmas*, faith. No let them keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs. *Brent* may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with *MD*, however, although you were at *Wexford*.

ford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency and honour.— To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy, 'till fortune take her course, and to believe that *MD's* felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that every thing here is tasteless to me for want of being as I would be. And so, a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take *Mrs. Edgworth* and *Sterne*: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope *Manley* will keep his place; for I hear nothing of *Mr. Thomas Frankland's* losing his. Send nothing under cover to *Mr. Addison*, but to *Erasmus Lewis, Esq;* at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitehall*. Direct your outside so.— Poor dear *Stella*, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to *Dingley*;

VOL. XVII. Y she

she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? And don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as *Dingley* is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. *Margot* had poured water on *Stella's* head; I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered every thing in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let *Presto* rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sun-burnt, the ladies won't like me. Come let me rise, firrahs. Morrow.—At night. I dined with *Ford* to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in *Ireland* is half a crown a bottle. 'Tis as *Stella* says, nothing that once grows dear in *Ireland* ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the archbishop of *Dublin* *, giving me further thanks about vin-

* See the last Collection of Letters, printed by *Faulkner*.

vindicating him to Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to further talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God, I yet continue much better since I left town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does *Dingley* read my hand as well as ever? Do you firrah? Poor *Stella* must not read *Presto's* ugly smail hand. Preserve your eyes, If you be wise. Your friend *Wall's* tea will go in a day or two to *Chester* by one parson *Richardson*. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*; and pray walk while you continue in *Dublin*. I expect your next but one will be from *Wexford*. God bless dearest MD.

24. Morning. Mr. secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and

preserve you both, and give you health, &c.
Amen. Farewel, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or
three times in the same letter firrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short me-
mories; that's good vile conversation.

L E T -

LETTER XXIV.

Chelfea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say *London, England*, because I say *Dublin, Ireland*? Is there no difference between *London* and *Dublin*, saucy boxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Tomorrow, firrahs.—At night. I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. *Harley*'s patent passed this morning: he is now earl of *Oxford*, earl *Mortimer*, and lord *Harley* of *Wigmore-castle*. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the publick news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here; but how-

ever I got to bed, after a short visit to *Atterbury*.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis* by appointment. I ordered *Patrick* to bring my gown and perriwig to Mr. *Lewis*, because I designed to go see lord *Oxford*, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I staid an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired me to dine with him on *Sunday*, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a *Coffee-house*, where I waited for the dean of *Carlisle*'s chariot to bring me to *Chelsea*; for it has rained prodigiously all this afternoon. The dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of *Patrick*. I think I must send him over to you; for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the taylor to-morrow to stop till further orders. My lord *Oxford* can't yet abide to be called My lord; and when I called him My lord, he called me

me Dr. *Thomas Swift*, which he always does when he has a mind to tease me. By a second hand, he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused: but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw *Patrick* till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the taylor, and ordered him to stop his hand in *Patrick's* cloaths till further orders. Oh, if it were in *Ireland*, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his cloaths. What shall I do? I wish *MD* were here to intreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady *Ashburnham* has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day a-part for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word, she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My fine *Florence* is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drank half of it. As I was coming home to-night, sir *Thomas Mansel* and *Tom Harley*

met me in the *Park*, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps: so I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my lord *Oxford* and the ladies, the new countess, and lady *Betty*, who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone, which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowed, he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one *Stephen Gernon*, setting forth that he formerly lived with *Harry Tennison*, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after *Harry's* death, and came for *England*, and is now starving, or as he expresses it, the staff of life has been of late a stranger to his appetite. To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him
very

very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for *Harry Tennison's* memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, and came back like a fool, and the dean of *Carlisle* has sat with me till eleven. Lord *Oxford* has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving-day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the duke and duchess of *Ormond*; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My lord *Oxford* had the staff given him this morning; so now I must call him lord *Oxford* no more, but lord treasurer: I hope he will stick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter. —Prithee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a *Coffee-house*; you hear no more of *Addison*, *Steele*, *Henley*, lady *Lucy*, Mrs. *Finch*, lord *Somers*, lord *Halifax*, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you the archbishop of *Dublin* has writ me

me a long letter of a squabble in your town about chusing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it. I have not heard any thing of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your bishop *Hickman* is dead; but nobody here will do any thing for me in *Ireland*; so they may die as fast or as slow as they please. — Well, you are constant to your deans, and your *Stoyte*, and your *Walls*. *Walls* will have her tea soon; parson *Richardson* is either going or gone to *Ireland*, and has it with him. I hear Mr. *Lewis* has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little *MD*, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely things has happened. — Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, firrah* * *Presto*. No, but I won't. Oh, you are a saucy rogue, Mr. *Presto*, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let *Presto* go to sleep; I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning walk, that I loitered at Mrs. *Kanbom-righ's*, where my best gown and perriwig are, and out of mere listlessness dine there very

* These words in *Italicks* are written in a large round hand.

very often, so, I did to-day, but I got little *MD's* letter, N. 15. (you see, firrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr. *Lewis*, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. *Van's*, and I find *Stella* is a faucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river, and I went down with only my night-gown and flippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk, that I resolve to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that was ever known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with lord *Shelburn*; lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* are going to *Ireland*. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat with him about two hours in mixt company; he left us and went to *Court*, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord steward or comptroller to-morrow; I smoaked that state secret out by that accident. I won't answer your letter yet, firrahs, no I won't, Madam.

June

June 1. I wish you a merry month of *June*. I dined again with the *Vans* and fir *Andrew Fountain*. I always give them a flask of my *Florence*, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. *Vedeau's*, and brought away madam *Dingley's* parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. *Vedeau* tells me, she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to *Ben Tooke*, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, inclosed to Mr. *Presto*. Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in *Dublin*, I suppose, or at *Donnybrook*, or losing your money at *Walls'* (how does she do?)

2. I missed this day by a blunder and dining in the city*.

3. No boats on *Sunday*, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to *Ford's* lodging, that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old colonel *Graham* that lived at *Bagshot-beath*, and they said it was colonel *Graham's* house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to
London

* This interlined in the original.

London from Moor-park. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer neither, *Figgarkick Soley*?

4. When must we answer this letter, this *N. 15.* of our little *MD*? Heat and laziness, and sir *Andrew Fountain* made me dine to-day again at Mrs. *Van's*; and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady *Betty Butler* and lady *Ashburnham* sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. *Van's*. They are very good girls, and if lady *Betty* went to *Ireland* you should let her be acquainted with you. How does *Dingley* do this hot weather? *Stella*, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since *Friday* se'nnight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty *Stella*, you do so, and *Presto* can't abide it. Be a good girl then, and I'll love you; and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the duke of *Ormond*, and Mr. secretary. They say, my lord treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket, they mean, a list of those who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect those changes. I past by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord treasurer petitions

tions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather.—I am just this minute going to swim. I take *Patrick* down with me to hold my night-gown, shirt and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap—So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frightened.—I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived, the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning. This letter shall go tomorrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, firrahs; dear firrahs, morrow.—At night. I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with lady *Betty Germain*, and there was the young earl of *Berkeley* and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for.—

After

After dinner Mr. *Bertue* would not let me put ice in my wine ; but said my lord *Dorchester* got the bloody-flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued ; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady *Berkeley* after dinner clapt my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not ; but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady *Carteret* shewed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady *Weymouth* a visit, with some more beldames. Then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord *Pembroke*, and designed to go to lord treasurer ; but it was too late, and beside I was half broiled, and broiled without butter ; for I never sweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with lady *Betty Butler* at tea, and every thing made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour, till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim ; which I did, but with so much vexation, that

that I think I have given it over : for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them ; and that puppy *Patrick*, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone ; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark : I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it.—Pox take the boats ! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us answer *MD's* letter, *N. 15, 15, 15, 15*. Now have I told you the number ? *15, 15* ; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say, How do you do, Mr. *Presto* ? There's your breeding, Where's your manners, firrah, to a gentleman ? Get you gone, you couple of jades.—No, I never sit up late now ; but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries.—Why then do you know in *Ireland* that Mr. *St. John* talked so in parliament ? Your *Whigs* are plaguily bit ; for he is intirely for their being all out.—And are you as vicious in snuff as ever ? I believe as you say, it does neither hurt nor good ; but I have

have left it off, and when any body offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still *, as you say ; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day.— As for *Joe*, I have recommended his case heartily to my lord lieutenant ; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. *Southwell*, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to *Southwell*. And you must desire *Raymond*, if *Price* of *Galway* comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. *Southwell*, as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him ; and he must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbishop of *Dublin*. Was *Raymond* not come till May 18 ? So he says fine things of me ? Certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him in—

VOL. XVII. Z differently

* He does not mean smoking, which he never practised, but snuffing up cut-and-dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with *Spanish* snuff ; and this he used all his life. but would not own that he took snuff.

differently enough, and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.—What an odd bill is that you sent of *Raymond's*? A bill upon one *Murry* in *Chester*, which depends entirely not only upon *Raymond's* honesty, but his discretion; and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should fir *Alexander Cairnes** in *London* pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon *Murry* in *Chester*? I was at *Cairnes's*, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to *Murry*, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then *Cairnes* may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave fir *Thomas Frankland* the bill, who has sent it to *Chester*, and ordered the the post-master there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. *Raymond* should have written to *Murry* at the same time, to desire fir *Alexander Cairnes* to have answered such a bill, if it come. But *Cairnes's* clerks (himself was not at home) said, they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing;

* An eminent banker, father to lady *Blayney*.

nothing ; and advised me to send to *Murry*.
 — I have been six weeks to-day at *Chelsea*,
 and you know it but just now. And so dean
 — thinks I write the *Medley*. Pox of
 his judgment ; 'tis equal to his honesty.
 Then you han't seen the *Miscellany* yet.
 Why, 'tis a four shilling book : has no body
 carried it over ? — No, I believe *Manley*
 will not lose his place : for his friend in *Eng-*
land is so far from being out, that he has
 taken a new patent since the post-office act ;
 and his brother *Jack Manley* here takes his
 part firmly ; and I have often spoken to *South-*
well in his behalf, and he seems very well in-
 clined to him. But the *Irish* folks here in
 general are horribly violent against him.
 Besides, he must consider he could not send
Stella wine if he were put out. And so he
 is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of
 wine *at a time*, and you win eight shillings
at a time ; and how much do you lose ? No,
 no, never one syllable about that, I warrant
 you. — Why this same *Stella* is so un-
 merciful a writer, she has hardly left any
 room for *Dingley*. If you have such *Summer*
 there as here, sure the *Wexford* waters are
 good by this time. I forgot what weather
 we had *May 6th* ; go look in my journal.
 We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th,
 and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remem-
 ber *Berested's* bridge ; the coach sosses up

and down as one goes that way, just as at *Hockley in the Hole*. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? *Will Seymor*, the general, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him; so he turns to the sun, and says, Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, &c. Another time, fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said, It was such weather as pleased God: *Seymor* said, perhaps it may; but I'm sure it pleases no-body else. Why, madam *Dingley*, the *First-fruits* are done. *Southwell* told me they went to enquire about them, and lord treasurer said they were done, and been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the duke of *Ormond* is ordered to take notice of them in his speech in your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion, that my lord treasurer *Harley* did it many months ago, before the duke was lord lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to *Wexford*, and make *Stella* well.—Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people
on

on the way as I walk.—*Tisdall* is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the *Examiner*, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophecy they will be trash for the future: and methinks in this day's *Examiner* the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in *Dublin*, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. *Vedeau*'s business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. 'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, firrahs both, morrow.—Night. I dined to-day with colonel *Crowe*, governor of *Jamaica*, and your friend *Sterne*. I presented *Sterne* to my lord treasurer's brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swiftest long shower, and the most grateful to me, that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool, that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abused me, and called me Dr. *Thomas Swift* fifty times: I have

told you he does that when he has a mind to make me mad. Sir *Thomas Frankland* gave me to-day a letter from *Murry*, accepting my bill ; so all is well : only by a letter from *Parvisol*, I find there are some perplexities.—*Joe* has likewise written to me, to thank me for what I have done for him ; and desires I would write to the bishop of *Clogher*, that *Tom Ashe* may not hinder his father* from being portrieve. I have written, and sent to *Joe* several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about *Trim*. - I wish them their liberty ; but they do not deserve it : so tell *Joe*, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain : I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till *Saturday* ; and perhaps I may go out of town with lord *Shelburn* and lady *Kerry* to-morrow for two or three days. Lady *Kerry* has written to desire it ; but to-morrow I shall know further.—O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it : - I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixed with hail.

8. Morn-

* Even Mr. *Joseph Beaumont*, the son, was at this time an old man, whose grey locks were venerable ; consequently his father was very antient ; and yet the father lived until about the year 1719.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with lady *Kerry* and lord *Shelburn*: so morrow, till an hour or two hence.—

In town. I met *Cairnes*, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says, I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewel, &c. &c.

Z 4

LET-

LETTER XXV.

*Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14,
15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.*

I HAVE been all this time at *Wycomb*, between *Oxford* and *London*, with lord *Shelburn*, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all publick thoughts, and every thing but *MD*, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from *Wycomb* with lady *Kerry* after dinner, lighted at *Hyde-Park* corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. secretary at his office, and there was lord treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c. and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at sir *William Wyndham's*, who married lady *Catherine Seymour* *, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a *Club*, and made me one; and

* One of the daughters of the duke of *Somerset*.

and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every *Thursday*: we are yet but twelve: lord keeper and lord treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. secretary, though their sons are of it, and they are excluded; but we design to admit the duke of *Shrewsbury*. The end of our *Club* is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other *Club* in this town will be worth talking of. The solicitor-general, sir *Robert Raymond*, is one of our *Club*; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord chancellor in favour of Dr. *Raymond*: so tell *Raymond*, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at *Wexford*. This letter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes inclosed to Mr. *Reading*: and why should he know how often *Presto* writes to *MD*, pray?—I sat this evening with lady *Betty Butler* * and lady

* Daughter to *James Butler*, last duke of *Ormond*, who died in exile at *Avignon* in *France*. Her ladyship, who had a very great appetite, and eat flesh-meat suppers

lady *Ashburnham*, and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extream hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend *Lewis*. I saw *Will Congreve* attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord treasurer; and *Congreve* told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said, he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c. and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make *Congreve* easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn every body out, and particularly *Congreve*; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord treasurer, I called on *Congreve*
(know-

suppers every night, lived to be above ninety years of age. She never was married.

(knowing where he dined) and told him what had passed between my lord and me; so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of *Carlisle*; and I design to write a letter to lord treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it, and so I told my lord, and he approves it. Yesterday's was a sad *Examiner*, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in *London* to-day; for Dr. *Gastrel* and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of *Carlisle*, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world, a meer country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days, just as I did, saucy monkies? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to *Wexford*? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking

ing. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the *Irish* folks are gone. *Ford* goes in three days. How does *Dingley* divert herself while *Stella* is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does *Dingley* ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I'll go sleep, 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep; I write nothing at night but to *MD*.

24. *Stratford* and I, and pastoral *Philips*, (just come from *Denmark*) dined at *Ford's* to-day, who paid his way, and goes for *Ireland* on *Tuesday*. The earl of *Peterborough* is returned from *Vienna* without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of *Germany*. I had a letter from him, four days ago, from *Hanover*, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at *Parson's-Green*, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five and twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of *Sbrewsbury* has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at lord *Asburnham's* with his lady, for he was not at home; she is a very good

good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. *Sterne* tells me, he has desired a friend to receive your box in *Chester*, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord treasurer's. *Prior* never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commissioner of the customs, and then in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour *Atterbury* in suspense about the deanry of *Christ-Church*, which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your *Wexford* expedition; and poor *Dingley* is full of carking and caring, scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in *Dublin* before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink
Presto's

Presto's health in water, madam *Stella*; and in good ale *, madam *Dingley*.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business: he came at four, and brought *Prior* with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*; and there was sir *Andrew Fountain* at ombre with lady *Ashturnham* and lady *Frederick Schomberg*, and lady *Mary Schomberg*, and lady *Betty Butler*, and others talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and *Stoyte*, and *Walls*, and *Stella* at play, and *Dingley* and I looking on. I staid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady *Ashturnham* is something like *Stella*; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our *MD's*. *Saturday* approaches, and I han't written down this side. O faith, *Presto* has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but *Presto* will remove to town this day se'n-night: the secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to *Windsor*, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together.

* The *Wexford* ale was highly esteemed, which is hinted at in this passage; and the *Wexford* waters were prescribed to *Stella*.

ther. To-day, our *Society* (it must not be called a *Club*) dined at Mr. secretary's; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements: and then I went to take leave of lady *Ashburnham*, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journies this *Summer*, and not be long out of *London*. The days are sensibly shorter already, and all our fruit blasted. Your duke of *Ormond* is still at *Chester*; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. * *Sterne's* business is quite blown up: they stand to it to send him back to the commissioners of the revenue in *Ireland* for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, though I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury, who is my lord treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. *Steele* has had the assurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment:

* Collector of *Wicklow*.

ment: I believe I told you how he and *Addison* served me for my good offices in *Steele's* behalf; and I promised lord treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*. *Dilly Ashe* has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at lord *Pembroke's* in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at lord treasurer's, who called me doctor *Thomas Swift* twenty times; that's his way of teasing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your little letter, firrahs.

30. Morning. I am terrible sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk over night that disposes me to sleep; faith 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. *Patrick* comes early, and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little *MD's* letter before me, N. 16. no more, nor no less, no mistake. *Dingley* says, "This letter won't be above fix lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The bishop of *Clogher* writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well: I am glad at heart

MD

MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in *May*, and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot, I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad. —Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does *Stella* eat fruit? I eat a little; but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water; but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. *Proby* goes with you to *Wexford*; she's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs. *Taylor*, and Mrs. *Proby*; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid; but that fir *Alexander Cairnes* is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. *Stratford*, who is to have the money. Now, madam *Stella*, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, firrah; and if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope *Parvisol* will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll unparvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are, *Stella* can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cock-horse, pray

VOL. XVII. A a now.

now. Well; but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, *Dingley*? *Marg'et*, where have you laid Mrs. *Johnson's* ribband to tie about her? reach me my mask: sup this up before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop: sit fast, firrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones.—Well, now *Stella* is gone, tell me *Dingley*, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is not lost: *Sterne* says it is not.—No faith, you must go to *Wexford* without seeing your duke of *Ormond*, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise.—I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told: but I'll return to lodge in town next *Thursday*. When you come from *Wexford* I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. *Benjamin Tooke*, bookseller, in *London*, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in *London*.—O madam *Stella*, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have

have been a good boy, ask *Dingley* else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are a cheat. So you will see *Raymond* and his wife in town. Faith that riding to *Laracor* gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here, have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom; because they say, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let *Fate* govern.—Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.—We have plays acted in our town, and *Patrick* was at one of them, oh ho. He was damnable mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which lookt for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new cloaths, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages.—I am to dine to-day with *Dilly* at sir *Andrew Fountain's*, who

has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late: and I have not seen that lord *Peterborow* yet. The duke of *Sbrewsbury* is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewel, my dearest lives, and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers.

—Remember if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them, say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon *MD's* love and kindness.—They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me.—Pox of these speculations! They give me the spleen; and that

that is a disease I was not born to. Let me alone, firrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as *MD* and *Presto* are well: Little wealth, And much health, And a life by stealth: that is all we want: and so farewell, dearest *MD*; *Stella*, *Dingley*, *Presto* all together, now and for ever all together. Farewel again and again.

Aa 3

LET.

LETTER XXVI.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take to write to *MD*; *Patrick* has brought me none clipt; but faith the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with *Dilly* at sir *Andrew Fountain's*: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together to lord *Pembroke*. *Dilly* is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next, (which is this) to Mr. *Curry's*, and then let them send it to *Wexford*, and then the next inclosed to *Reading*. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from *Wexford*, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. *Phillips* the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord treasurer. I have now had almost all the *Whig* poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to *Congreve*, *Steele*, and *Harrison*: but I will do nothing for *Phillips*; I find he is more a puppy than ever; so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord

lord treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. *Dilly* lies conveniently for me when I come to town from *Chelsea* of a Sunday, and go to the secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for *Wexford* the morning he had writ, which was June 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick: the bishop says, you design to stay there two months or more. *Dilly* had also a letter from *Tom Ashe*, full of *Irish* news: that your lady *Linden* is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr. *Coghil** losing his drab, &c. The secretary was gone to *Windsor*, and I dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*. Lord treasurer is at *Windsor* too; they will be going and coming all *Summer*, while the queen

* Dr. *Marmaduke Coghil* was judge of the prerogative court in *Ireland*. About this time he courted a lady, and was soon to have been married to her; but unfortunately a cause was brought to trial before him, wherein a man was sued for beating his wife. When the matter was agitated, the Doctor gave his opinion, That although a man had no right to beat his wife unmercifully, yet that, with such a little cane or switch as he then held in his hand, a husband was at liberty, and was invested with a power to give his wife moderate correction: which opinion determined the lady against having the Doctor. He died an old man and a batchelor, about thirty years ago.

queen is there, and the town is empty, and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the alehouse for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to *Wexford*? did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudsho, the next letter to *Presto* will be dated from *Wexford*. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoyte*: and the dean said, Shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. Dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at *Wexford*; when you meet a lady; Did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will *Dingley* drink them too; Yes, I warrant; to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at *Wexford*. Don't lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to *Windsor* in a few days; at least, the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go sleep, 'tis past twelve in our town.

2. *Sterne* came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with *Tom Harley*,
the

the secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almost undo him, if he fails. I called this morning to see *Will Congreve*, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying-glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. *Freind*, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You two little saucy *Wexfordians*, you are now drinking waters. You drink Waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith, next *Summer* you shall come to the *Bath*.

3. Lord *Peterborow* desired to see me this morning at nine; I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. *Manley* there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her *Atalantis*, and prosecution, &c. upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politicks: he comes home very sanguine; he hath certainly done great things at *Savoy* and *Vienna*, by his negotiations: he is violent against a Peace, and finds true what

what I writ to him, That the ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a Peace*. I took leave of lady *Kerry*, who goes to-morrow for *Ireland*; she picks up lord *Shelburn* and Mrs. *Pratt* at lord *Shelburn*'s house. I was this evening with lord treasurer; *Tom Harley* was there; and whispered me that he began to doubt about *Sterne*'s business; I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at lord treasurer's; he rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our *Club*; told a judge who was with us, that my name was *Thomas Swift*. I had a mind to prevent fir *H. Bellasis* going to *Spain*, who is a most covetous curr, and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so that he smoaked me, and named *Bellasis*. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him, to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said, there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with

These words, written in confidence to *Stella*, deserve our notice.

with what I said. He was talking of the *First-fruits* of *England*: and I took occasion to tell him, that I would not for a thousand pounds, any body but he had got them for *Ireland*, who got them for *England* too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was; I said, I would have him to know, I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? but it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in *Suffolk-street*, and go to it on *Thursday*; and design to walk the *Park* and the town to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the dean. When I was almost at home, *Patrick* told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could see one of them was from saucy *MD*. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the bishop of *Clogher*, who tells me the archbishop of *Dublin* mentioned in a full assembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the *First-fruits*; said it was done by the lord treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading yours I find nothing of that: perhaps the bishop lies, out of desire to please me. I dined with Mrs.

: yunsoo osh osh og so to stom Van-

Vanbomrigh. Well, firrahs, you are gone to *Wexford*, but I'll follow you.

4. *Sterne* came to me again this morning to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor *Patty Rolt*, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to *Berkhamstead* in *Hertfordshire*. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at *Chelsea*; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the dean, and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine *London* answer: but first I'll go sleep, and dream of *MD*.

London, July 5. This day I left *Chelsea* for good (that's a genteel phrase) and am got into *Suffolk-street*. I dined to-day at our *Society*, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country:
we

we dined at lord keeper's with young *Harcourt*, and lord keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as *George Granville* did, whom we have threatened to expel: however, in the evening I went to lord treasurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him; one of them, judge *Powel*, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I staid till eleven, because I was not now to walk to *Chelsea*.

6. An ugly rainy day; I was to visit Mrs. *Barton*, then called at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, where sir *Andrew Fountain* and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk; but I'll do so no more. Are your waters at *Wexford* good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southwards; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat some *Kentish* cherries t'other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all *June*,
nor

nor since, which I reckon a mighty happiness. Have you left a direction with *Reading* for *Wexford*? I will, as I said, direct this to *Curry's*, and the next to *Reading*; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to *Wexford*? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from *Parvisol*, that *White* has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from *Joe*, that they have had their election at *Trim*, but not a word of who is chosen portrieve. Poor *Joe* is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds, and I fear so too, although I have done what I could.—I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy *Presto* thinks fit, firrahs. I an't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe.—O Lord, the two *Wexford* ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw; I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to *Windsor*. Then it began raining, and I struck into Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, and dined, and staid till night very dull and insipid. I hate this town in *Summer*; and I'll leave it for a while if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one *Tisdall*, lodges in the same house with me. *Patrick* told me, *Squire Tisdall* and his lady lodged

lodged here; I pretended I never heard of him, but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in *Capel-street*, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. *Freind* and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see *Will Congreve*, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. *Stratford*, who tells me sir *Alexander Cairnes* makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to *Parvisol* to deliver up the bond to Dr. *Raymond*. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that *Cairnes* is a shuffling scoundrel; and several merchants have told me so: what can one expect from a *Scot* and a fanatic? I was at *Bateman's* the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as your's would do at a china shop; but I resisted, and found every thing too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk

walk in *Ireland**. Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about *Wexford*; they are old *English*; see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and no where else in *Ireland*†, till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer: we did not sit down till four. I dispatched three busineses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides I made him consent to let me bring *Congreve* to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them. And I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord treasurer told me, the queen and he between them have lost the paper about the *First-fruits*; but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour *Van*, and walked pretty well in the *Park* this evening

* In *Ireland* there are not public paths from place to place, as in *England*.

† They are now common every where.

evening. *Stella*, huffy, don't you remember, firrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the *Park* to engage to speak to lord treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolve to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I, will not speak a word for any body. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. *Tenison*, who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young *Manley* in the city, who is to get me out a box of books and a hamper of wine from *Hamburgh*. I enquired of Mr. *Stratford*, who tells me that *Cairnes* has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young *Manley's* wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment.——I

believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was, during your stay at *Wexford*, unless I may send my letters every second time to *Curry's*; pray, let me know. This, I think, shall go there, or why not to *Wexford* itself? That's right, and so it shall this next *Tuesday*, although it costs you ten pence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from *Windsor*, and I can't find him; and he goes back on *Sunday*, and I can't see him to morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. *Lewis* and a parson; and then went to see lord treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoakt each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a week: he has invited me to *Windsor*, and betwixt two stools, &c. I'll go live at *Windsor*, if possible, that's pozzz. I have always the luck to pass my *Summer* in *London*. I called this evening to see poor sir *Matthew Dudley*, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. *Dilly* was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at *Kensington* on *Sunday* with lord *Mountjoy*, who goes soon for *Ireland*. Your late chief

justice

justice * *Broderick* is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at *Wexford*? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me *Wexford* news, and love *Presto*, because he's a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving day I walked to *Chelfea*, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of *Carlisle* and I crossed the water to *Battersea*, and went in his chariot to *Greenwich*, where we dined at Dr. *Gastrel's*, and passed the afternoon at *Lewsham*, at the dean of *Canterbury's*; and there I saw *Moll Stanbope*, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this *Summer* about *London*, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four *per cent.* by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to *Wexford*? What, not one single book? Oh, but your time will be so taken
B b 2 up;

* *Allen* was at different times solicitor and attorney general, lord chief justice of the queen's bench, and speaker of the house of commons, in the reign of queen *Anne*. Soon after the accession of *George I.* he was made lord chancellor, created lord viscount *Middleton*, and was one of the lords justices of *Ireland*.

up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with sir *Andrew Fountain* and *Dilly* at *Kensington* with lord *Mountjoy*; and in the afternoon *Stratford* came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in *Hawkshaw's* hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered *Parvisol* to do it. What makes *Presto* write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on *Tuesday*. Here's hot weather come again, yesterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at *Kensington* to-day. I almost repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue!: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in *June*, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it.
What

What a splutter you keep about my bonds with *Raymond*, and all to affront *Presto*? *Presto* will be suspicious of every thing but *MD*, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair madam *Stella*, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and six-pence a dozen, and nasty *England*, and *Laracor* all my life. Hey dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord keeper told me some months ago, he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him, I would not take any from him: and the secretary told me the other day, he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. *Addison*, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months.—O aye, that's true, *Dingley*; that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a *Wexford* letter; but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three

three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. F—; it makes me love *England* less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were some things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for —; that scoundrel — will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. *Walls* has got her tea: I hope *Richardson* staid in *Dublin* till it came. Mrs. *Walls* needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all. No, I don't like any thing in the *Examiner* after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose. (Mr. *Tooke* is come here, and I must stop.) — At night. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. *Green*, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaister, which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying, *Laissez faire a Don Antoine*; which is a *French* proverb, expressing,

ing, *Leave that to me.* I find he is against her taking much physick; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. *Radcliffe*. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, tho' he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till he can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week week to *Windsor* for some days, to dispatch an affair if we can have leisure. *Sterne* met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to *Jemmy Leigh*, who loves *London* dearly; he asked after you with great respect and friendship.—To return to your letter. Your bishop * *Mills* hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho: you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants.—It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to *Wexford*; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the *Gazette* for

Ben

* Of *Waterford*, uncle to Dr. *Pocock*, bishop of *Oxford*, author of *Travels to the East*, in three vols. folio.

Ben Tooke this morning from Mr. secretary: it will be worth him a hundred pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. *Barton*, who is going into the country; and I dined with sir *John Stanley*, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us lord *Rocheſter*, and his fine daughter, lady *Jane*, juſt growing a top toaſt. I have been endeavouring to ſave ſir *Matthew Dudley*, but fear I cannot. I walked the *Mall* ſix times to-night for exerciſe, and would have done more; but as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and ſo I came home, to tell you this ſhall go to-morrow without fail, and follow you to *Wexford*, like a dog.

19. Dean *Atterbury* ſent to me to dine with him at *Chelſea*: I reſuſed his coach, and walked, and am come back by ſeven, becauſe I would finiſh this letter, and ſome others I am writing. *Patrick* tells me, the maid ſays one Mr. *Walls*, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to viſit me. Is it your *Iriſh* archdeacon? I ſhall be ſorry for it; but I ſhall make a ſhift to ſee him ſeldom enough, as I do *Dilly*. What can he do here? or is it ſomebody elſe? The duke of *Newcaſtle* is dead by the fall he had from his horſe. God ſend poor *Stella* her health, and keep *MD* happy. Farewel, and love *Preſto*, who loves *MD* above all things ten million of times. God bleſs the dear *Wexford* girls, Farewel again, &c. &c.

END OF VOLUME XVII.



I N D E X.

ADDISON (Mr. Joseph) remark respecting his election, 46. Is possessed by the spirit of party 64. More on his differing with the dean about party, 124. Cannot bear to see the Dr. with the ministry, &c. 131. Recommends Mr. Philips to the dean, 133. More of him, 177. Favourably represented to the ministry, 198.

Aldermen of Dublin, observation on their being fanaticks; at that time, 110, 117.

Ale (of Wexford) highly esteemed, 350.

D'Avenant (Mr.) observations on his writings by Dr. Swift, 80.

Anglesey (lord) attends the parliament to prevent a duty being laid on Irish yarn, &c. 269, 272.

Anne (Queen) a memorial presented to her majesty to exempt the clergy of Ireland from payment of First-Fruits and twentieth parts, 44. Consents to remit the First-Fruits, &c. 54, 61. Is told by the duke of Marlborough he is neither covetous nor ambitious, her remarks on him, &c. 152. More concerning First-Fruits, 160. Observation on her being governed by the late ministry, 217. Jealous of those who got her out of their hands, &c. ib. 231.

Argyle (duke of) distinguishes people of merit, Dr. Swift solicits him for Bernage, &c. 208.

Asbburnham (lord) circumstances of his match with lady Butler, 60.

Ashe (Rev. Mr. Dillon) a humorous remark on his being a drunken parson, &c. 273.

B.

Barber (Mr. John) printer of the Examiner and the Atalantis, 148. Great intimacy between Dr. Swift and him, ib.

Bateman (Mr.) bookseller in London, a remark concerning his manner of dealing, 196.

Beaumont (Joseph) of various natural abilities, 2. Mathematics his principal forte ib. Which he applied to the investigation of the longitude, ib. A further account of him, ib. Wrote mathematical sleaing tables, calculated for the improvement of the linen manufactory, 8. Promised 200 l. by the government, 33. More concerning him, 337.

Bellamont (countess of) what she said concerning Dr. Swift, 288.

Bernage (Mr.) Swift recommends him for some promotion in the army to the duke of Argyle, 218, 239. From whom he obtains a commission, 283.

Bishops of Ireland, are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, 78. Writes to Southwell and sends their address to the duke of Ormond, to intercede with the Queen on the affair of First-Fruits, 101. Remark on the wisdom of their proceedings, 102. Their baseness and ingratitude will occasion Swift's loving Ireland less, 107.

Bolingbroke (lord) verses on his summer-house, 176. A remark made to him by the dean on his behaviour, 262. Useth great freedom in vindicating Mr. Bridges pay-master of the forces, &c. 291. More concerning his differing with his friends in parliament, 296.

Bolton (dean of Derry) some observations concerning his being promoted to that deanry, &c. 67.

C.

Cairnes (sir Alexander) several remarks respecting him, 338. is a scrupulous puppy, 353.

Clogher (bishop of) Dr. Swift a great friend to him, in not suffering him to be removed from his see 178.

Coghill (Dr. Marmaduke) judge of the Prerogative court, anecdote of his opinion, that every husband is invested with a power to give his wife moderate correction, 359.

Collar-day, when the knights of the Garter wear their collars, 146. Applied to another definition of the word, ib.

Congreve (Mr. William) has cataracts growing on his eyes, 66. Subject to the gout, yet looks young, and is chearful, ib. Writes a Tatler, and on what subject, 212. Is strongly recommended by Swift to lord Harley, 346. Is a worthy man, ib. More of him, 361.

Court, some remarkable proceedings there, 17. Dr. Swift's observations on the bad news from Spain, what effect it had, on the countenances of the courtiers, 145. The fate of courts what, 292.

Cox (sir Richard) a humorous remark concerning him, 95. and on his not being appointed lord chancellor of Ireland, 101.

Curll (Edmund) a remark on his publishing Dr. Swift's miscellanies, 312.

D.

Darteneuf (Mr.) Dr. Swift remarks him to be a great punner, 30. More concerning him, 249.

Dering (sir Cholmley) circumstances of his being shot by Mr. Thornhill in a duel, 307. The reason of their quarrel, ib.

Dublin, at that time, many aldermen of that city were fanatical, 117. A long observation concerning the equestrian statue of King William III. in College-Green there, and on the students of the university playing several tricks with it, &c. &c. &c. 134. What gave them offence, ib.

Dudley (sir Matthew) a commissioner of the customs, many remarks by Dr. Swift on his being expected to lose his employment, which the Dean endeavours to prevent, &c. &c. 256, 370.

Duke (Dr.) was a wit, turned parson and left it, got a living suddenly, and died suddenly, 213.

Dyet (Mr.) Commissioner of the stamp office, a short account of him, 32. Discovered to have counterfeited stamp paper, by which the Queen was cheated of 100,000 l. ib. The discovery made by a clerk of Doctors Commons, 46.

E.

Edgeworth (Col. Ambrose) the prince of puppies, 56. A humorous account of a remarkable journey taken by him, &c. ib.

Edgeworth (Mr. Talbot) a handsome man, fond of fine cloaths; insisted upon having an exclusive right to one board at Lucas's coffee-house, &c. ib.

Elections, remark concerning the ferment they occasion, 11. Respecting lord Wharton's conduct at one, ib. Swift met by one of their parties, 35. Tories gain many elections, 36.

Enemies, a remark concerning gaining many of them and few friends, against the rules of wisdom, 355.

Examiners, a paper so called, written by Dr. Swift, by the encouragement and direction of the ministry, 154. Lord Rivers cursed it, and why, 217. Not wrote too severe on the duke of Marlborough, 234. Dr. Swift prophecies they will be all trash after that published June 7, 1711, 347. All after No. 45 of that paper is trash, 374.

F.

First-Fruits, memorial by Dr. Swift on this subject, presented to Mr. Harley, 38. who shews and seconds it to the Queen, 44. Is a popular business and will be done before a Lord Lieutenant is named, ib. This subject farther discussed, 54, 61. Dean writes to the primate and archbishop King, that the Queen has granted the First-Fruits, 78. Enjoins them to secrecy till a public letter is sent from lord Dartmouth,

mouth, *ib.* Bishops of Ireland address the duke of Ormond, to be solicitor in this affair, &c. &c. 101. The dean solicits Mr. Harley to get the letter from the Queen to the Irish bishops, and finally end that business, &c. 150. Warrant passed by the Queen, 205. More, 340.

Fountain (sir Andrew) of his illness, 149. What Dr. Swift said on that, contrary to the opinion of the physicians, &c. 150.

G.

Guiscard (Marquis de) taken up on a warrant for high treason, and brought before Mr. Harley and others, at a committee of council to be examined; who then stabbed Mr. Harley with a pen-knife in the breast. Dr. Swift gives a long and very particular account of this horrid transaction, 237. and sequel. Is wounded by Mr. St. John and others in taking, 238. Had an intention to murder the Queen, 244. Dies of his wounds. The coroner's inquest what, *ib.* Would certainly have been hanged had he recovered from his wounds, and many more observations, &c. *ib.* and sequel. Shewn to the public pickled in a trough, &c. 253.

H.

Harley, (Mr.) Dr. Swift represented to him as a discontented person, 29. His reception of Dr. Swift upon his being first introduced to him, and presenting a memorial for remission of the First-Fruits, &c. to the clergy in Ireland, 38, 39. Shews the memorial to the Queen, and seconds it, 44. Loves the Church, *ib.* His regard for the Dean, 85. An effigy of him, exposed and shot at by Col. Honeywood and others, 124. Observations on his levee, 140. Dr. Swift urges him to send the Queen's letter to the Irish bishops and finish the affair of the First-Fruits, 150. Mr. Harley stabbed by the marquis de Guiscard at a committee of the council before whom Guiscard was brought to be examined on a charge of high treason, and concerning various particulars attending that shocking villainy, 237 and sequel. Verses wrote on this occasion by Mr. Prior, 258. A story out of Tacitus applied to him by Dr. King, 270. Attended by an ill surgeon thro' the caprice of Dr. Radcliffe, 274. On his being to be made a lord, 286. More concerning his wounds, and what

were his thoughts on that event, 202, 203. Is created earl of Oxford, earl Mortimer, and lord Harley of Wigmore Castle, 325. Proposed Swift to be his chaplain, 327. Made lord treasurer, 329. His remark on avarice, 362.

Harrison (Dr.) commendation of him and his writings by Dr. Swift, 40. Governor to one of the duke of Queensbury's sons, *ib.* Writes the *Tatlers*, &c. 197. Dr. Swift gets him the employment of secretary to lord Raby, ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, 243.

Head, Bohea Tea very hurtful for any disorders attending it, 304. Fruit detrimental to Giddiness, &c. in Dr. Swift's opinion, 373.

Henley, (Mr.) Dr. Swift's remark on him and lord Salisbury, 116. A pun made by him on claret and the Tories, 270.

Herbert (lord) respecting a duel fought by him, &c. 159.

Hoadly (Dr. Benjamin) famous for having acted the contrary part to Sacheverell, 12.

Holland (sir John) observations respecting his worth and learning, 14. Is a Whig. *ib.*

Husbands are invested with a power to give their wives moderate correction, in the opinion of Judge Coghill, 359.

I.

Ice when put into wine, subjects the person who drinks it, to the bloody flux, 335.

Johnson (Mrs.) and Dingley, Dr. Swift proposes to keep a correspondence with them by way of Journal, 7. Of their ill state of health, 61. The Dean enjoins them to secrecy about the First-Fruits, 62. Swift advises them what security to take, when lending money, 94. His love for them, &c. 143. Their ability, 182. Their writing much like the Dean's, 202. Specimen of his peculiar method of writing to them, 236. Wexford waters prescribed to them, 350.

Ir land, observes the rabble there not so inquisitive in politics as in England, 10. First-Fruits and twentieth parts granted to the clergy there, 78. Dr. Swift would be glad to have the general applause there, that he had in England, 32. Dr. Swift would let nothing be printed in England reflecting on any person there, till he had seen it, 272. Observation respecting the ladies walking there by Dr. Swift, 313.

K.

Kerry (countess of) a short character of her, by Dr. Swift, 300, 301.

King, archbishop of Dublin, wrote to by Dr. Swift, that the Queen has granted First-Fruits, &c. 78. The primate and the archbishop sends to Dr. Swift a new commission about First-Fruits, *ib.* More concerning the same subject, 101. The Dean expresses his resentments to him, on the bishops of Ireland's proceedings, &c. 102. More on First-Fruits, 165. Of a great indiscretion in him, in applying a story out of Tacitus reflecting on Mr. Harley, 271. Dr. Swift would not suffer it to be published, *ib.* Is defended by Dr. Swift to Mr. Harley, 302. Of his interfering in chusing a lord mayor of Dublin, 329. Of his mentioning the dean's merit in the affair of First-Fruits, in a full assembly of the clergy, 363.

L.

Language (English) Dr. Swift proposed to erect a society for correcting and improving it, 347.

Lavallan (Captain) observation on his returning from Flanders, and of an intrigue between his wife and a clerk of doctors commons, 46. Is told of her having former intrigues; shoots her and afterwards himself, &c. 47.

Long (Mrs.) greatly regarded by Dr. Swift, 12. On her going into the country, &c. 13. Is at Lynn in Norfolk, 92. Compares her being in the country to himself being absent from MD, *ib.*

M.

Main (Mr. Charles) a short character of him by Dr. Swift,

41.

Mansel (sir Thomas) a short character of him, and remark on his manner of living, &c. 259.

Marlborough (duke of) laments his having joined the Whigs, 152. Worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes, ib. Swift remarks his being covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it, &c. ib. Has been a successful general, 153. Is treated too severe, 170. No wise state would lay aside such a general, ib.

Ministry, pursuing the true interest of the public, and solicits Dr. Swift to assist them, 110. Against the Dean's helping Steele in his writing the Tatlers, 128. Could never prevail on him to preach before the Queen, ib. Will not do well in mortifying the duke of Marlborough, 152. Examiners wrote by the dean by their encouragement and direction, 154. More on their proceedings, 162. Their consequences what, if once rendered odious to the people, 170. Compared to physicians, 171. Never do any thing for those they make their companions in their pleasures, 215. Queen governed by the late, and is jealous of the present ministry, 217. Like an Isthmus between the Whigs and Tories, 231. Swift their great support and champion, 266. Late ministry cunning in their rogueries, 286. Dr. Swift's observation concerning their behaviour to him, 356.

O.

Ober Club, what they are, the reason of their meeting, 217. Ministry does not regard them, ib. A further account of of them, 275. Swift's reasons for not being seen with them, 277.

Ormond

Ormond (duke of) Dr. Swift has good interest with him and his friends, 26. Is declared Lord Lieutenant in council, 58. Has a natural affection for puppies, 95. Is treated by the Londonderry society, *ib.* Proceedings of the bishops of Ireland in the affair of First-Fruits, on his being declared Lord Lieutenant, 101. Addressed by them, to intercede with the Queen, *ib.* His Grace's answer to Southwell on that, 107. Told by Mr. Harley the business was done, *ib.* Against the bishop of Clogher being vice-chancellor, 135. Gives it to Dr. Vesey, 137. Soliciting to prevent a duty being laid on Irish yarn, 269. More of First-Fruits, 340.

P.

Parliament of England, may be chosen Whig or Tory by the Queen, if the ministry can be rendered odious to the public, 170. Obligated to be prorogued on account of Mr. Harley being stabbed by the marquis de Guiscard, 242. and sequel.

Party, circumstances of the prevalency of it, and of the suspicions it created between friends, 64. Dr. Swift fears being embroiled with parties, 170.

Peace, the Tories not satisfied at it, 171. What the Whigs say on it, *ib.* Dr. Swift's reasons for a peace, 231.

Peterborow (lord) circumstances of his going to Vienna, and for what purpose, 161. Lords would examine him about Spanish affairs, 165. Observation on his return, 348. An active man, *ib.* Reasons well against a peace, tho' the ministry seems for it, 362.

Physicians, like ministers endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, 171. Dr. Swift's remarks on the Queen's physicians, 368.

Powel (judge) Dr. Swift remarks on his being the merriest old gentleman he ever saw, 365.

Prior (Mr. Matthew) his wit and poetry commended, 97. Swift reads some of his verses, 153. Pun made by him, 163. Supposed author of the Examiner, 205. Writes verses on Mr. Harley's accident, 251. A better courtier than Dr. Swift, 349.

R.

Raymond (Dr.) levying a fine, in order to have power to sell his estate, 2. Presented by the Dean to lord Wharton, 8. More concerning him, 88, 121. Of Sir Robert Raymond and him, 123. Further relative to the Dr's voyage to Ireland, &c. 138.

Radcliffe (Dr.) observation respecting his attending Mr. Harley when he was stabbed by Guiscard, 253. A stricture on his caprice, by which an ill surgeon attended Harley, 274.

Read (Sir William) was a mountebank, and is the Queen's oculist, and other observations on him, 275.

Richardson (Rev. Mr.) prayers and sermons translated by him into Irish, 232. Project of his to instruct the Irish in the Protestant Religion, ib. Is befriended by Dr. Swift, 260.

Rivers (lord) cursed the Examiner and why, 217. Blamed for the warmth of his expressions on that paper, &c. ib.

S.

Society, Swift and some select noblemen, members of one, the design of their meetings, distinguish themselves by the appellation of brothers, 344, 345, &c. One proposed to lord treasurer by Dr. Swift, for correcting and settling the English language, 347.

Somerset (duchess) Dr. Swift remarks her being an insinuating woman, 231.

Southwell (Mr. Edward) impowered by the bishops of Ireland to to present their address to the duke of Ormond about First-Fruits, 101. And to get the paper on that business, from Dr. Swift, ib. Reasons of these proceedings, &c. ib.

Stamp Paper, counterfeited to the amount of 100,000 l. by Mr. Dyet, 32.

Steele (Mr. Richard) writes a Tatler against Mr. Harley, and the consequences of that, 64. Substitutes the word Great-Britain instead of England in a Tatler, and is ridiculed for it by Rowe, Prior, &c. 114. Imprisoned, 132. Solicited by Swift in his favour, 133. Writes the spectators, 245. Hint given him for one by Swift, 293.

Sterne, (Dr.) bequeathed 1200 l. to build a spire on St. Patrick's Cathedral, 37.

Swift (Dr.) of his voyage from Dublin to Parkgate, 2. Occurrences in his journey from thence to London, ib. Proposes to write by way of journal to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, 7. Observes a great coldness to the Temple family, ib. Stiles himself by the name of Presto, ib. Framing schemes of revenge against the Whigs for their baseness and ingratitude, 10. His picture painting by Jervas, ib. Never expected any thing from lord Wharton, 11. His observation on Sir John Holland, 14. Writes a Tatler on the corruptions of Stile, &c. 15. His grief on the death of the earl of Anglesey, 16. Writing the virtues of Sid Hamet's Rod, 23. Duke of Ormond would give him him something to make him easy, 26. Represented to Mr. Harley as a discontented person, 29. His reason for declining a toast proposed by lord Halifax, 32. Writes a description of a shower, 47. Much carels'd by the ministry and Mr. Harley, 53. Writes a ballad on the Westminster election, 61. A remark on Mr. Leach, printer, 70. His Giddiness, 75. More respected in England than in Ireland, 91. Remarks humorous on the duke of Ormond, 95. Bishop of Kildare authorised Southwell to get from the dean, the papers about First-Fruits, 101. Reason of the bishops of Ireland's proceedings, 102. Talked coldly of by them of his soliciting, and his being favoured of the other party, ib. But still desired to solicit, ib. Particular account of the affair of First-Fruits being granted by the means of Mr. Harley and himself, 104. Despises the credit of it, &c. ib. Pertinent remarks on the constructions that will be put on him, by this affair; by Mr. Harley, the duke of Ormond, and the bishops of Ireland, ib. His love to Ireland will diminish, owing to the baseness and ingratitude of the bishops there, 107. Is much wanted and respected by the present ministry, who are pursuing the true interest of the public, 109. His remark on Lord Salisbury

Salisbury and Mr. Henley, 116. On his being to preach before the Queen, 130. Remark on Mr. Ferris, 139. Writing the Examiners, 142. A pun on a man who cures agues, 146. A collar-day in England, what, *ib.* His remark on the ladies, 214. Concerning his miscellanies being published, 228. Explicit observations on the posture of affairs, and on the measures necessary to be taken by the ministry, &c, 231. Observation on M. de Guiscard's stabbing Mr. Harley, 237. Guiscard dead, and remarks that by the laws of England every man is innocent till tried, 245, 254. And takes notice of particulars on this horrid act committed by Guiscard, *ib.* and sequel. Manner in which he expected every great minister should behave to him, 262. Remarks on sir William Temple, &c. *ib.* Short remark on the *bp.* of Kilmore, 267. Soliciting to prevent a duty being laid on Irish yarn, 269. A long stricture on recommendations, 277. Furnishes Mrs. Manley with hints to write a narrative of Mr. Harley's being stabbed, 281. Receipt for sobriety in verse, 285. Pun on Fringeship, 287. Observation on the election of lads at Westminster school, 297. Makes a humorous remark on a drunken parson who was fighting with a seaman, 302. On the king's evil, 306. Humorous observation respecting the Irish Ladies walking, 313. Of complimenting, &c. 328. Ice is bad for the bloody flux, 335. He and a few lords form themselves into a society, and are called brothers, 334. The design of their club, &c. *ib.* Remark on his enemies, 335. Is much envied, &c. 356. On the spleen, *ib.* Remarks no man ought to be made a bishop, who does not love divinity, or a general, who does not love war, or a lord treasurer, who does not love money, 362. Remarks on Tisdall, 366. Remarks all the Examiners after No. 45. is trash, 374.

T. Tailors,

T.

Tailors, one on the corruptions of style and writing, wrote by Dr. Swift, 15. One wrote by Steele against Mr. Harley, by which he lost his place of gazeteer, 64. One against using the word England, &c. 114.

Tea (Bohea) very hurtful for disorders in the head, 304.

Tempest, the ministry compared to one by Dr. Swift, 231.

Temple (Sir William) his family to whom Dr. Swift observes great coldness, 7. Mrs. Temple, the widow, dead, 66. The Dean's remark on that event, ib. On Jack Temple, 117. Dr. Swift's observation of the manner in which Sir William Temple behaved to him, &c. 262.

Tisdall (Dr.) some circumstances respecting his learning, &c. 62, 63.

Tories, their great support, the earl of Anglesey, dead, 16. Superior in number to the Whigs in parliament, 36. D'Avenant writes the History of Tom Double, to make his court to them, 80. Numerous about the Queen, 81.

W.

Wexford (in Ireland) the waters of that city were prescribed to Stella, 350. The ale there is highly esteemed, ib. The inhabitants there are old English, 368.

Wharton, (lord) expects to be out of the house of parliament, his conduct to gain an election, 11. Dr. Swift never expected any thing from him, ib.

Whigs, every one of them in great office will infallibly be put out, 6. Dr. Swift full of resentment against them for their baseness and ingratitude, 10. Makes a lamentable confession of the dean's being ill used, ib. More concerning them, 49. Lord Halifax one, ib. The dean's journey

journey to England was known to them, 85. Duke of Marlborough laments his having joined them, 152. When fallen, are the most malicious toads, 170. Compared to Quakers, 175. Lord Bolingbroke is for their being out, 336. Whig poets are Swift's solicitors, 358.

Will, a remarkable one, made by an old gentlewoman, respecting a funeral sermon to be preached by a true virgin, and all who assisted at her burial to be the same, 261.

William the III. (king) an equestrian statue of him, in College Green, Dublin, defaced by the students of the University, for which many were expelled, 134. The offence given them, 135.

F I N I S



CATALOGUE

O F

BOOKS,

Printed and fold by

GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Parliament-Street*, the
Corner of *Essex-Street*.

CZAR's Life, 3 Vols. 12mo.	0	9	9
Compleat Family-Piece, 12mo.	0	3	3
Connoisseur, 2 Vols. 12mo.	3	5	5
Delany's Sermons, 8vo.	0	4	0
Directions for Drawing,	0	2	2
Dupleffis's Memoirs,	0	2	8 h.
Dunkin's Irene,	0	1	1
Darcy's Argument,	0	2	8 h.
Duhamel's Agriculture, 2 Vols. 8vo.	0	8	8
Ellis on Sheep, 8vo.	0	5	5
Essay on Spirit, 12mo.	0	2	2
Estimate (Dr. Brown's) on the Manners and Principles of the Times,	0	3	3
Hawkey's Cyrus, 8vo.	0	5	5
Jasper Banks, 12mo.	0	2	8 h.
Joseph Andrews, 12mo.	0	2	8 h.
Jacob's Law Tables, Fol.	0	2	8 h.
Juvenal's Satires, 12mo.	0	2	8 h.
Journey from Aleppo to Jerufalem,	0	3	6
Kitchen, Fruit, and Flower Garden,	0	1	7 h.
Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, 4 Vols. 8vo.	1	4	0
Life of King David, 8vo.	0	5	5
Letters from the East, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	6	6
Life of Socrates, 12mo.	0	3	3
Lyttleton's (Lord) History of the Life of King Henry 2d, 3 Vols. 8vo. sewed	0	17	4
Lewis XIV. 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Marianne, 3 Vols. 12mo.	0	6	6
Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws,	0	6	6
Matho, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Maintenon's			

CATALOGUE, &c.

Maintenon's Letters, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	4	4
Maintenon's Life, 12mo.	0	2	2
Memoirs of a Coxcomb,	0	2	2
O'Connor's Dissertations on the History of Ireland,	0	5	5
Old Bailey Trials, 4 Vols. 12mo.	0	8	8
Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks, 12mo.	0	2	2
Orrery's Pliny, 2 Vols. 8vo.	0	11	4 h.
Observations on Husbandry, by Lisle, 8vo.	0	6	6
Preceptor, 2 Vols. plain Maps,	0	11	4 h.
———— coloured Maps,	0	11	11
Port Royal's Greeft Grammar, 8vo.	0	6	6
Pitt's Virgil, 4 Vols. 12mo.	0	13	0
Pilpay's Fables, 12mo.	0	2	8 h.
Prior's Works, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Pompey the Little, 12mo.	0	2	2
Polydore and Julia,	0	2	2
Swift's Works, 19 Vols. 8vo.	4	15	0
Ditto, ——— 12mo.	2	11	5 h.
Ditto, ——— 18mo.	2	7	6
Sheridan on British Education,	0	3	3
Shenstone's Works, 2 Vols.	0	6	6
Theophilus Cibber's Life, 12mo.	0	1	8
Turkish Spy, 8 Vols. 12mo.	0	17	0
Theory and Practice of Commerce, 8vo.	0	5	5
Traacts relating to Ireland, by Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, 12mo.	0	2	8 h.
Tandon's French Grammar,	0	2	8 h.
Universal Hist. 7 Vols. Fol. bound,	4	11	0
Ditto, 20 Vols. 8vo.	5	10	0
Voltaire's Age of Lewis XIV. 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Voltaire's Letters, 12mo.	0	2	2
———— Hist. of Peter the Great,	0	2	8 h.
Victor's Hist. of the Stage, 2 Vols.	0	2	8 h.
Uncertainty of the Signs of Death, 12mo.	0	2	2
Winter Tales, 12mo.	0	2	2

